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Highways and Byways in Japan





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PILGRIMS OUT TO SEE THE CHERRY-BLOSSOMS

Highways and Byways in Japan

Incidents of Daily Life in a City
on the Inland Sea

By
LOIS JOHNSON ERICKSON
Author of "The White Fields of Japan"



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To
S. M. E.
*whose greatest joy it is
to carry the
King's Invitation
into the highways and hedges,
the streets and lanes
of Japan.*



A WORD ABOUT THESE STORIES

SOME years ago, when writing one of the first of these sketches, I told of children who ran for blocks to meet our Ford car and hang on to the running-boards. Now there are beautiful new cars everywhere. Even the red-lacquered palanquins of funeral processions have given place to black, ark-like hearses, heavily adorned with gold and silver lotus-blossoms. So quickly is the tide of life moving that even I, myself, have all but forgotten what was commonplace just yesterday. I can only say that I have written of things as I have seen them in the work of seven missionaries, in one interior city. If, through reading these little stories, you are brought into closer sympathy with our day-by-day endeavours, it will have been worth while to try to tell you of them.

L. J. E.



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I

A TRIP ON THE IMPERIAL GOVERNMENT RAILWAYS

WITHIN a radius of three or four blocks of our home in a city on the Inland Sea, we have a railway station, two steamship piers, a public garage, an airplane hangar, stage-coach stables, and jinrikisha stands. There are more than ten thousand bicycles in town, to say nothing of tricycle delivery wagons, and baby carriages, which last are used to haul everything, from fish to lumber. Bicycles carry all things portable; bales of cotton, packing-boxes, frames for doors, cases of beer, sleeping children!

Just as the baby carriages and the bicycles, though familiar, have a use and a flavour all their own, so the trains, too, and the boats, and the cars have been taken over and adapted to Japan, and are in many ways quite unlike their Western counterparts.

Our trip to-day will be by train to Sakaide to conduct a cooking-class. Honourable Bird, the cook, accompanies us. She shuffles along in her wooden clogs, carefully carrying a tin oven, which peeps coyly from its bandanna wrappings. Each of us is encumbered with a heavy basket contain-

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ing the "makin's" of the feast and all the spoons, knives, and other implements we need, down to the ginger-ale bottle with which to roll out the biscuits.

We find the third-class waiting-room quite full. Old countrymen in blue cotton kimonos; frisky little boys in suits of "foreign" clothes, with trousers half-way to the ankles, bright blue socks, and green rubber shoes: little girls gay in red capes, purple hats, green dresses, and pink stockings: students in black cotton uniforms of coats and trousers, shivering in the cold wind which comes through the open doors: pilgrims in mushroom hats and white cotton leggings: a few soldiers in red-faced khaki: mothers with babies on their backs, or at their breasts: a young sport in military boots and leather breeches, with a sorry black cape topping the magnificence of his legs: a priest and his priestlet. . . .

The ticket-seller hands us our little pieces of red pasteboard without embarrassing questions. If we had been traveling second class, we should have bought our tickets from the second-class waiting-room. There are no first-class coaches on the trains in our province, and very few in the Empire,—a concession to democracy made during the war. Over on the mainland the newer trains have coaches much like those used in America, but the third-class cars on this third-class line are odd. The engine with its sawed-off front looks like a

toy; no need for a cow-catcher in this country. The engineer and firemen are beardless boys. They wear spotless suits of light-coloured cotton cloth, and white gloves. All along the sides of the cars there is painted a strip about six inches wide; blue for second-class cars, and red for third. In the middle of this strip is hung a sign which tells just where the car is going, a convenience we miss greatly when we go back to America.

Another excellent idea is their plan of setting up three or four signboards on either side of the track at each station, giving the name of the station, and of its next neighbour up and down the line, with the distance to these neighbouring stations. Thus, no matter where one's coach may happen to stop, one can find out immediately these interesting points. The station clocks are always placed where they may be seen from the train, and the station platforms extend evenly along the sides of the track, just ready to be stepped upon as the passengers leave the train. No need for the porter's, or the brakeman's, cumbersome steps, and that is well, for there is no porter, and there is no brakeman! Neither is there any conductor, but the station-master, who comes out at all but the most forlorn "jerk-water" stations, resplendent in a gold-braided uniform—his sword is now a thing of the past—and white gloves, more than makes up for him.

Though there are but few trainmen to be seen

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on the train itself, there are all sorts of employees hanging around the stations. A depot which could be run by one man in America would require half a dozen here. Almost every station has its red-cap boys, and the larger ones have green-caps, as well, with their loads of eatables and drinkables and smokables.

Indeed, the principal delights of travel seem to be eating, smoking and sleeping. No sooner does the novelty of watching the curious foreigners pall than many of our fellow-passengers begin to nod. We run along through green ricefields melting in the distance into purple mountains, while on the other side is the sparkling sea. Solemn old temples loom up in the distance. Little shrines like beehives flash past close at hand, but Taro and his kind pay little heed. Banana peel, half-smoked cigarettes, lunch boxes, and beer bottles litter the floor. Babies are stuffed until their little tummies are so distended that they cry with pain, and their mothers buy dried persimmons to pacify them.

We missionaries have brought tracts which we distribute lavishly, and which call for explanation. Nearly always there is some one who knows of one of us, or who is third cousin of some one who does. There are invitations to call, or to come to the meetings, or to study English. Sometimes there will be a lively bunch who will want to sing. Sometimes there will be a priest who will insist upon an argument.

But an hour has gone by, and the cotton factory of Sakaide is coming into view. As we pull into the station we lower the glass in the upper part of the door nearest us, unfasten the catch on the outside, and step off onto the smooth concrete platform. Scores of wooden shoes clatter along beside us, up the steps, over the bridge, and down the platform on the other side of the tracks to the ticket-puncher at the gate. Since there is no conductor, our tickets are not taken up on the train, but woe unto us if they are not found when we wish to pass through the gates! As some wag said, we should probably have to spend the rest of our lives on the platform! I think the rule really is, that we should have to pay double fare from the terminal of the line.

We pass out through the little waiting-room, pile our baskets, tracts and tin oven into a jinrikisha, and start off on foot to the church, a few blocks away. As we enter the vestibule we take off our shoes and put on our pretty red bedroom slippers. The pastor and his wife hurry out to meet us, and we bow "at an angle of ninety degrees" as many times as seem sufficient. Honourable Bird waddles back to the porch of the manse with the provisions and the oven, while we pass from group to group to make our greetings.

The wife of the superintendent of the factory is here; the soy dealer's wife; doctors' wives galore; a bevy of teachers from the normal school, and one

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or two young girls. Foremost in interest is a party of four men, notebooks in hand. One is a doctor, one a "gentleman," one a business man, and one from the factory. The doctor exacts a promise that all directions shall be written out on the big blackboard, and we gradually work our way back to the porch, where Honourable Bird has preceded us.

Here we find little earthenware stoves; baskets of charcoal; bottles of milk, and all the paraphernalia which we brought with us, lined up on a little table a foot and a half high. We frantically review the menu of the day, and cast an anxious eye into the church to estimate the total attendance. The Bird is hastily dispatched for another bottle of milk and ten cents' worth of sugar. The preacher suggests that we begin the meeting.

Hana, the most able-bodied musician present, attacks the little organ, and we all sing lustily. Any Japanese will sing anything that is suggested for singing. Once when I balked at the *Halleluah Chorus*, the second choice was *Little Drops of Water!* The pastor reads the Scriptures, and the most hidebound Buddhists present join reverently in the prayers. The sermon is listened to with profound attention, though children stray in and out, and the smaller ones exact various attentions.

The meeting lasts for an hour. Then the class files out to the porch connecting the church with the manse. The missionary teacher puts on her

shoes and stands on the ground with her cooking materials carefully arranged on the floor of the porch, just on a level with her hands. She is to make fish croquettes. The Honourable Bird sits on her feet at the other end of the porch. On one side of the little table she has all preparations made for making biscuit, on the other, she has placed the ingredients for fudge. The class is divided into two sections. Notebooks are taken from capacious sleeves, hands washed, aprons pulled on, over silks and crêpes. Willing helpers fall to work, and the fun begins. The croquettes emerge from the frying-pan crisp and golden. The biscuits are as feathery light as though baked in an electric range. The fudge is ready to melt in eager mouths. The two sections exchange teachers, and all is done over again.

The rain-doors of the house are carefully pieced together to make a long table in the dining-room. Sheets are spread over it for a table-cloth. Two small vases of flowers are added, and look as lost as though in the heart of Sahara. The plates and glasses brought by each guest are placed in proper order, and chop-sticks laid beside them. Then a great bucket of rice is brought in, and each plate half filled with it.

And then what hesitancy, and bowing, and "honourable reserve," while the Occidentals fume inwardly and resign themselves to having every morsel of food stone-cold! But the seemingly im-

possible is at last accomplished, and twenty-nine people are finally seated on their heels ready to partake of the feast. The prayer of thanksgiving over—it could not be described as “saying grace”—we begin on the lukewarm food. There can be no doubt of the success of our efforts. Everybody is enthusiastic, the gentlemen especially so. Ten tin ovens are ordered. Baking-powder and chocolate are in demand, and the life-history of the vanilla-bean lovingly inquired into.

It is now quite dark,—we left home on the noon train,—so we express regret at our rudeness in hurrying, “but if we stay longer we shall miss the seven o’clock train.” Everybody bows. Everybody is profusely grateful. Willing hands help in gathering up our baggage, and we once more exchange bedroom slippers for leather. Final bows in the vestibule; sibilant gusts of appreciation, and a hurried walk through the dark streets back to the station.

How convenient to walk through the gate right onto the train from the platform! There is plenty of room on the seat for ourselves, the Bird, the baskets, and the oven. We fish out the tracts that we have left, and give them to such as have not succumbed to the seductions of Morpheus. The nice young man on our right tells us that he used to go to one of our street Sunday schools. Curious glances at the oven force us to explain the nature of to-day’s expedition. “Ah, *so desu*

ka? May my wife come next time? And I should like to send my little boy to Sunday school."

The train rattles on through the dark. We pass through Duck River and Bridge Hill, and No Devils. Lines of electric lights wind up the mountain to a famous shrine. Next come the towers of the city reservoir, then the sea again, and home.

* *Sakaide*

Sah-kai-day

* In pronouncing Japanese words read the syllables rapidly, without drawling. Do not accent.

II

WE SAY FAREWELL TO HARADA

WORD has come from Ike-no-be that Harada San is dead. Years ago Miss Atkinson, one of our missionaries, went out to his village to distribute tracts from house to house. She found him lying on his dirty quilts in the sunshine with no one but the chickens, dogs and flies to keep him company. Terribly bloated with dropsy, he was a sight most people would have avoided. But Miss Atkinson was delighted when the old fellow welcomed her and asked her to sit down and talk to him. "Nobody ever bothers with me, and I am so lonely," he said sadly. So there, in the stench and the squalor, the story of how God so loved the world was told again, while neighbours collected to gaze at the strange white woman, and Harada's frowsy wife stood in the doorway grunting.

The missionary went back to town and sent a native evangelist to see the old man. Tracts were sent to him and eagerly read, and by and by there was a baptismal service to mark his birth into the Kingdom. Now we hear that the spirit has at last

been freed from the poor old decaying body, and a half-dozen of us are on our way to attend the funeral. We go by stage-coach—Japanese stage-coach—an undertaking unique in one's experience of travel.

The stable, or point of embarkation, is in the shopping district, flanked on one side by a bicycle store, and on the other by a sewing establishment. Our equipage is standing in the street, and, as we come up behind it, it looks, except for the glimpse we get of the horse's dingy hoofs, like nothing so much as a tipsy caricature of a Ford car. The doors stand open on the sides, and we seat ourselves on the hard red velvet seats, while one of our party purchases the tickets. Being Americans, and therefore too big for anything intended for Japanese use, we find trouble in making room for our knees, but finally dispose of them sardine fashion.

The driver in his rakish boots reaching almost to the thighs, mounts the front seat, which is built at right angles to the seats inside, and flourishes the reins over our wreck of a horse. Our out-runner blows a blast on his trumpet, and we are off. We wind our way through the city traffic, the out-runner always a little in advance of the horse's head, tooting his horn to open up a path between pedestrians, bicyclists, tricyclists, man-carts, woman-carts, cow-carts, baby-carriages, street-cars, jinrikishas, and fishwomen carrying tubs on

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their heads. About once in fifteen minutes we are passed by a Ford.

We rattle across a bridge and into the country. Out-runner San climbs into the seat beside his chief. Here are three stone Buddhas under a corrugated tin roof, their hands raised in contemplation. The flowers underneath the shrine are always fresh and sweet. Here is an image of Jizo Sama, the god of the children. Ruffled red bibs are tied around his neck; scraps of children's clothing cling to his body in gray-white shreds. A little straw hat, trimmed with the ghost of a pink chicken feather, has fallen to the floor of the little house in which he sits. Here is a jolly god (or devil), in a charming dance attitude. His little stone eyes wink at us in the most abandoned manner. Here is a "family burying-ground." Are we back in old Virginia? No; yet the resemblance is very real, save that the gravestones are too close together, and there are too many of them. Japan is an old, old country.

One village after another, and all alike; but at last we are at Ike-no-be, and here is Miyai San, our evangelist, to meet us. Men, women, and children swarm about, as though rising from the earth, when we begin to descend from the stage-coach. By the time we are all out there is a concourse of at least fifty, and we see little scouts scampering ahead to warn the entire village not to miss the show. We pick our way along the

narrow road; into a path where we must go single file; across a field; along another tiny pathway, and, finally, into the open space where Miss Atkinson first saw old Harada lying on his quilts.

No one comes to meet us, for the frowsy wife has never given up her prejudice against her lord's religion. We slip off our shoes and follow Miyai San into the house. A half-grown, giggling girl hands out some dingy cushions for us to sit on. A huge black hen comes and stands in the back doorway. The entrance is choked with the people who followed us through the village and their relatives and friends. *What is that tub over in the corner?* Look; it has a wreath of artificial flowers on it, and beside it is a cross of evergreens,—Miyai San's handiwork, unmistakably. Is *that* the coffin?

Miyai San finally succeeds in shooing a goodly number of the curious up onto the mats beside us. The baby on the back of the woman nearest us sets up a howl at the sight of our terrifying faces. An officious little boy passes around the song-sheets we have brought from Takamatsu. We attempt to sing, and, though none of us are able to keep on the same key with Miyai San, we make considerable noise. None of the "heathen" present open their mouths. Miyai San reads passages of Scripture. *I am the Resurrection and the Life; he that believeth on Me, though he were dead, yet shall he live: And whosoever liveth and believeth on Me shall never die. Him that cometh unto*

Me I will in no wise cast out. Be thou faithful unto death, and I will give thee a crown of life. There is another song; we pray again, and the missionary tells in simple words of the Way in which Harada San found salvation. The wife kindles a smoky fire in the corner of the dirt floor opposite the tub, and we choke and sputter. Undisturbed, she goes about her preparations for a very smelly dinner, while Miyai San follows the missionary's sermon with a still longer exposition of the Scriptures. Men light cigarettes, and women suckle their offspring. A child steps on a dog in the doorway, and there is a hideous yapping. The funeral service goes on, undisturbed. Finally, the last prayer is over, the listeners move outside, and a half-dozen coolies come forward to carry away the tub. Miyai San and the men of our party follow the tattered procession. We women cannot make up our minds to go, nor even to leave the darkness of the stuffy room.

They tell us afterwards that the tublike coffin was placed upon a pile of straw and soaked with kerosene. Harada San's oldest son lit the torch with his own drunken hands. Willing friends fed the flames with straw. . . .

But, oh, what does it all matter,—wife's indifference, children's heartlessness, crude cremation? *Blessed are the dead which die in the Lord . . . they shall hunger no more, neither thirst any more, for the Lamb . . . shall feed them, and lead*

WE SAY FAREWELL TO HARADA 27

them unto living fountains of waters; and God shall wipe away all tears from their eyes.

*Ike-no-be
Miyai
Harada
Jizo Sama*

E-kay-no-bay
Me-yai
Hah-rah-dah
Jee-zoh Sah-ma

III

SUNDAY SCHOOL AT TSUKIJI

TSUKIJI CHAPEL is two miles from Hama-no-Cho, where our mission houses are. It takes grit and determination to get to Sunday school by eight o'clock on a January morning. We are half swept off our feet by the wind as we open the door, for the sea is not a hundred yards to the north of us. Across the railroad track, around the corner, and it is not so bad, for we are protected by the houses and walls which stretch continuously across the city. The streets are almost deserted this morning, for everybody is trying to keep warm. The few people who are abroad shuffle along as fast as their clogs will carry them. Some have towels wrapped around their heads. Some wear knitted helmets. Those who have on *kimono* have drawn their hands so far up into their big sleeves that they appear to have lost their arms. A few schoolboys are out in their pitifully inadequate cotton uniforms.

The streets are wet and disagreeable from the sprinkling they have received from the housewives along the way. Here and there the water has frozen, a sure sign that it is *cold* in this climate where, although the thermometer seldom goes

much below thirty, we shiver for five months in the year. For a little while our way is through the residence district, where open gateways disclose fascinating glimpses of charming homes behind the walls. Then we turn into a street lined with shops. What a mixture of the old and the new! Little buildings with removable front walls stand side by side with concrete, or natty brick, or weatherboarding. Often there is a combination of the new with the old. A favourite idea is to replace the "rain-doors," with white tile and plate-glass, leaving the interior of the shop unchanged, except, perhaps, for the introduction of a show-case.

We see old friends in new surroundings. That building over there is used by the Singer Sewing Machine Company. The Standard Oil Company is advertised by placards every few blocks. In front of *the* garage stand a Buick, an Adler, an Overland, and several Fords. We see Victors and Victrolas; Eastman Kodak films; Quaker Oats; Del Monte canned goods; Fleischer's yarns; electric irons, and Ivory Soap. Mixed in with the awful Chinese signboards are lovely ones in English: THE INSIPID CAKE; FRESH YOUNG BEEF; FRIENDLY TAILOR.

Now and then we pass a temple set a little back from the street. Its next-door neighbour is possibly a glittering picture palace. Here is an open space where three or four little boys are playing what they call "base-boru." We dodge the

"boru," and fervently hope that the three-months-old baby on the back of the smallest of the players will be as lucky as we are in getting away unhurt. The player-piano in the restaurant on the corner is going madly. Through the window we can see a couple of well-dressed young fellows joyfully attacking their portions of fresh young beef. The next block is filled with drygoods stores, and the gold brocades, wonderful embroideries, exquisite crêpes, and gorgeous silks are tantalizing, because we really cannot stop to exclaim and admire and speculate on prices while on our way to Sunday school.

On leaving the main business street, we enter a poorer part of the city. The streets are undrained, and like morasses. The shops are entirely on the native plan. There are no imposing banks, nor displays of goods from America. The people on our side of town look at us in wonder when we tell them that we have work in Tsukiji. I know they think it ought to be beneath our dignity to go there.

We walk for quite some distance through these poorer streets. Then we see a crowd of children hanging around the door of one of the dingy little buildings. The sign above them proclaims that this is the Christian Church of Tsukiji. Here they come running to meet us with their funny bows. Tousled heads, rough *kimono*, grimy little hands, but loving hearts! We push through the narrow

door, so low that we have to stoop. Oh, how bare and cold and desolate it looks to you! The benches are all on the hard dirt floor. At one end of the room there is a raised platform covered with mats. On this is the preacher's desk and a baby organ with a cold in its head. This morning in January the Christmas tree is still standing in its pathetic glory of cotton snowflakes and a dozen silver stars. Contrast means everything, and if you can bring back the joy of the child whose eyes grew large over the wonders of the toy-laden, electric-lighted king of Christmas trees, you will get some idea of what this bedraggled bit of green has meant to the children of Tsukiji.

A few feeble embers in a sort of flower-pot are our only source of heat. We, ourselves, have enough clothing to take part in a dash for the Pole, and most of the children are round as balls in their padded *kimono*, so we should not mind, if it were not for the little bare feet. There are some children, too, whose clothes are not padded. Kimura San, the adopted son of a blind man for whom he has to hustle, looks much as though his thin *kimono* may be next to his dirty little skin.

Miyai San, the superintendent, steps upon the platform, bows, and gives out a hymn. The little sick organ does its noble best. Shrill voices join in *Lord Jesus, I Long to be Perfectly Whole; My Hope is Built on Nothing Less, and There's a Land That is Fairer Than Day*. Unkempt heads

bow reverently in prayer. Miyai San calls for memory verses, and small black hands go up. *I am the Light of the World: He that followeth after Me shall not walk in darkness, but shall have the Light of Life. Blessed are the pure in heart for they shall see God. I can do all things through Christ which strengtheneth me. I am the Good Shepherd; the Good Shepherd giveth His life for the sheep.*

We sing again. There is a long prayer, and the children settle back for the Bible story with sighs of anticipation. It is the story of Nehemiah, and Miyai San tells it with consummate skill, appealing to the patriotism of these Japanese children; showing them that God was always with Nehemiah, so that he could feel His presence; impressing them that the grief of the Jews was not first for their own desolated homes, but for the House of God; skilfully weaving in illustrations from the experiences of the Tokyo Japanese who lost their all in the Great Earthquake;—holding the children spell-bound for forty minutes.

Another song, and the school is divided into classes. The big boys climb the ladder-like stairs to the second story. The big girls sit on the mats on the platform. The middle-sized ones and the little tads sit closer together on the hard benches, their feet dangling above the dirt floor. Thirty minutes more of earnest attention, broken only by the occasional wail of a baby, tired of the monot-

ony, and yearning, possibly for the excitement of a ball-game. The nonchalant nurse "jiggles" her (or his) charge capably and if this is not sufficient, retires to the street until the wails cease.

It is fifteen minutes after ten when the meeting is over. It began at eight. We have been sitting on the mats with the big girls' class, and our feet and legs are quite dead as we stumble to the benches for the final song. Body and mind quail slightly at the thought of the Sunday sermon still to follow, but we are happy as we watch the children rush for the door and home. Were it not for this service, these little ones would know nothing of the Bread of Life. And in our hearts we hear the music of the old, old promise, *My Word shall not return unto Me void.*

Tsukiji
Hama-no-Cho
Tokyo
Miyai

Tsoo-kee-jee
 Hah-mah-no-Choh
 Toh-kyoh
 Me-yai

IV

ALL NIGHT AT A NATIVE HOTEL

THE treasurer of our State Auxiliary has wired us from Yokohama, that she is coming to Takamatsu, to see the brand new chapel they are helping us to put up in Tsukiji. At a hasty consultation I am appointed to go to meet her, and I rise at two in the morning to catch the express boat to Kobe. What a contrast it is to the first boat in which I made that same trip! On that occasion we entered through the bowels of the ship, picking our way through the thick atmosphere of the third-class quarters, where people were packed like sardines on the floor, and on hard wooden shelves a few feet higher. Even my stature was too tall for comfort, and I remember how warily I ducked my head in the passageways.

In those days we went first class, and rolled ourselves in blankets, picking out as good a place as we could find on the floor among the babies, the bandannas and the snoring men. The only heat was from a brazier, and the winter winds were merciless. But the boat I am taking this morning is as trim and shining with its white tile and gleaming brass as though it plied the Hudson, and I

feel that second class is good enough, especially as the "boy" assures me that I may occupy the vacant smoking-room. I settle myself on the leather cushions, and am soon asleep again, to be awakened before daylight by the clatter of dishes near at hand.

Here comes the boy with my breakfast, beautifully served on a red lacquered tray; soup, omelette, two kinds of greens, red ginger, and crisp broiled fish. My rice is served from a big brass-bound wooden bucket, and I am given my portion of weak, lukewarm tea. The chopsticks and toothpick are neatly sealed in a long, narrow envelope. I fall to with gusto.

Off on a motor-launch at Kobe, while the band plays on deck. Most of the crowd on the launch seem to have come first class. It is the most prosperous group of people I have ever seen come up from the interior of Japan. I see baggage which has been to China, to America, to France. Smart suitcases have displaced the shapeless cloth bags of old times. Half a dozen of the ladies are faultlessly dressed in "foreign style," from good-looking hats to French heels.

At six o'clock in the evening I take a local to Osaka, in order to meet Miss Edgar in time to arrange with her to go on to Okayama, on the express in which she has traveled from Yokohama. I feel "like country come to town" as I wander about the Osaka station trying to find the proper

window at which to buy our tickets. A football team is going somewhere, and the banners, lanterns and yells of the rooters offer a curious mixture of East and West. The big station is bursting with people, but nowhere is there any heat, and the January wind penetrates to the marrow.

How orderly and quiet the first-class coaches of the fast express look to me! I hurry from one almost empty car to another, to find my friend in the very last, comfortably settled in a plush-upholstered armchair, as unconcerned as though she were on the way from Little Rock to Memphis. But missionary traditions must be respected, and I hustle her back to second class as soon as we get to Kobe. And how that hour of luxury has changed things! Second class looks crowded and smoky and messy. We climb over a mountain of orange-peel, lunch boxes, beer bottles, cigarette ends, newspapers, and remains of bananas, which the boy is sweeping toward the door. Another boy rouses two sleeping forms, and makes room for us to sit down.

Miss Edgar's eye is caught by a little woman across the aisle, who is trying to get some rest and comfort. A small red cap and two bright black eyes peep out of the back of the big, padded coat she is wearing. The mother draws her feet up under her, and lays her head on the window-sill. Miss Edgar is sure she would be more comfortable if she would lay the baby down and sit like a Chris-

tian. But I am equally sure that, if she dared try it, there would be a howl from the baby, who, as matters are, is making no sound.

At twelve o'clock we arrive at Okayama, and as it is too late to catch the last boat to Takamatsu, we have to spend the night at a hotel. It is just across the street from the station, and the proprietor is standing in his spacious doorway, bowing and smiling like a Jack-in-the-box. Three women servants patter out to join in greeting us. I do the honours of the occasion, and open the bag I have brought along, containing the footwear for the two of us. The proprietor puts our shoes into a big box, and conducts us to our rooms, up two flights of steps so steep that we hoist ourselves bodily by the handrail. The room is clean and cold and empty. One of the maids hurries in with a few glowing bits of charcoal in a bed of ashes. Another brings out the fat cushions for us to sit on. The proprietor asks if we wish a bath? A few doors down, we can hear a jovial masculine voice raised in banter with the maid, who is vigorously using a scrubbing-brush on the present occupant of *the* tub, and I give an emphatic negative.

The girls bring heavy silk quilts, faced with a strip of white cotton cloth. One is for the matress, and two to serve as cover. I slip off my coat, readjust my fur around my neck, knowing that the clumsy quilts will not be enough to protect it, and crawl in. Miss Edgar cannot make up

her mind to such sketchiness. When she is ready for bed, she turns out the light. It is the only one in the hotel which is extinguished. Beyond the paper doors, our neighbours snore busily. A baby protests against the unfamiliar surroundings. But by and by, sleep comes.

In the cold, gray dawn of the morning we rise hastily, and repair to the first floor for our ablutions. Here are little wooden tubs filled with scalding water for our faces. Here is *a* towel, salt for our teeth, a mirror, and beside it a comb, evidently appreciated by former guests. All these conveniences are set out on a three-foot veranda surrounding a tiny court with its moss, plum blossoms, and gray, stone lantern. Two or three nonchalant men stand about, waiting for their turn at the little tubs and the salt.

In ordering breakfast last night, I said that we would like an orange, an egg, some bread, and whatever else was being served. I expected to dazzle Miss Edgar with the soup and the spinach and the rest; but when the trays are brought to our room, each of them contains four slices of bread, over an inch thick, eight oranges, and four eggs. And that is all.

We hurry to catch the train that is to take us to the sea, but at Uno we have to wait for a boat. Crowding about us are the third class passengers, eager to see and hear, but polite and friendly. The young woman next me ventures a remark about

the weather. Then we talk of Takamatsu, and she asks whether I live in Hama-no-Cho? An older woman listening speaks up. "Why," she says, "I lived next door when those houses were being built, and my boy played with Petchi San, every day for years." Twenty years ago, but she still remembers Percy, the little fellow who was her boy's companion. But the boat is coming, and for Miss Edgar and me it's away toward the shining mountains across the strait, which mark the pathway to Takamatsu.

Yokohama

Takamatsu

Tsukiji

Kobe

Osaka

Okayama

Hama-no-Cho

Yoh-koh-hah-mah

Tah-kah-mah-tsoo

Tsoo-kee-jee

Koh-bay

Oh-sah-kah

Oh-kah-yah-mah

Hah-mah-no-Choh

A DAY IN OUR "GOSPEL CHARIOT"

A BIG new day is dawning for mission work. Houseboat, and wheelbarrow, and jinrikisha, and donkey are giving place to the doughty Ford. A few years ago, Nellie Rankin, of Korea, told me of a country trip that she had made, and how a pig in the room next to her had squealed all night. The next morning before daylight, she and her faithful Korean woman were off for another out-station, the woman walking, Nellie riding on a pony. All day they plodded along the lonely road, and night overtook them in the heart of the mountains. Just as Nellie's courage began to fail, the Korean woman looked up and said, "Teacher, don't you wish you could hear that pig squeal? "

There are automobiles in most of the stations of Korea now. All-day trips, heart-breaking in times of danger, are a thing of the past. Precious time and strength, hitherto spent in travel, can now be put into direct evangelistic effort. Come with us, to-day, for a little ride into the country, and we shall see how Dr. Moore and "Miss Lizzie Ford" put in about five days out of seven, when the weather is good.



ONE OF THE "MAN-CARTS"



Two folding-organs decorate the running-boards of the car, and our feet and knees are encumbered with bandanna bundles. They contain tracts and lunch and song-sheets and Sunday school picture-rolls. Our progress through the city, though gradual, is in the nature of a triumph. Blocks away the children see us coming, and sally forth to meet us. Some take hold of the running-boards, to the imminent injury of the folding-organs. Some hang on behind. Some take up their stand in the middle of the twelve-foot road, and refuse to budge. Toothless old ladies, perfectly charmed with the equipage and its occupants, pause at street corners, regardless of continued, continuous, and uninterrupted blasts of the horn. Quite frequently, one of the gentlemen climbs out over an organ and moves a milk-cart, or a lumber wagon, or a baby carriage, so that we can squeeze by.

Here we are, at last, in the "open country"; only, that in Sanuki, on the plain, we hardly have open country. Every few rods there are little clumps of houses, and the children play in the road with all the assurance of the city children. But the real plague in the country is the cow-carts. It seems to us that we pass a hundred to the mile! Fifteen feet long, with only two wheels, and usually loaded to capacity, they are not to be sneered at as trouble-makers. The owner walks along by the side of the cow, and helps to pull the vehicle. Sometimes, he does all he can to give us our bit of

the road, and sometimes not. At other times, Old Sookekey will not move an inch, though the horn do its dreadful worst. And, sometimes, she goes straight up in the air at the sight of us.

Who can paint the beauty of the Japanese countryside? Blue, blue skies; mountains, gray, or purple, or white with winter snows; ricefields, in all the unaccountable patterns of a crazy-quilt; lakes like jewels; pine, bamboo, magnolia, japonica, and oleander, with their deep, rich evergreen; the changing beauty of maple, elm, and oak; patches of crimson lilies, like spilt blood; brown and yellow of thatched-roofed cottages, and over to the north the Sea! In a few days, men and women, boys and girls, will begin the cutting of the rice. Their methods have changed little since the days of Abraham. The harvesting is done by hand. The heads of the rice are laboriously drawn through an instrument with saw-teeth. The threshing is done with a flail, and the grain is then spread out on pieces of matting to dry, and to form another obstacle to patient "Lizzie's" progress, for the drying is usually done by, and on the roadside.

In and out among the carts we go, with now and then a glorious stretch of open roadway. A mile or so on top of a levee, and then a sharp turn to cross a bridge at right angles to the road; the winding ascent of a pass, and down again into a valley, where looms up a huge, unpainted building, set in

grounds as innocent of green as the sands of a desert. This is one of the schools where we are always welcome, so we boldly run up to the corner of the wall, and wait for the time of dismissal. From the room nearest us comes the sound of recitation in concert, like some curious chant, and over to the rear, we hear a baby organ responding to the cajolery of two inexperienced fingers.

Ten minutes to twelve. We disembark carefully, loosening the captive organs, and bringing forth the tracts, the song-leaflets, and the picture-rolls. One organ is carried to the far end of the wall, and the other set up in front of the running-board of the Ford. Dr. Moore and Mr. Erickson take up their places at the two great gates. A gong sounds, and the flood-gates are let loose. A thousand children attend this school, and soon the five of us are entirely engaged in the work of placing a tract and a song-sheet into each little hand. It is an unexpectedly complicated task. Scores of grimy paws reach out in one's immediate direction, and scores of seemingly honest children beseech, "Please! Please!" But the chances are that if one pull open a small *kimono*, you will find that Jiro, who is loudest in his pleading, has already received his share from someone else in our party. And one can never be really sure that the last of the children has obtained his due.

Skilfully the two men divide the crowd, and each begins his own meeting. The organs are far

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enough apart not to interfere with each other. Five hundred children flounder and surge and are driven toward us and the organ and the running-board.

" See this song-sheet! We are going to sing No. One. Listen to me, and I will show you how it goes. One, two, three! "

" Isn't that easy? I'll wager you children could sing it this minute. Now, you boys over here, you sing it with me, and we will show the others how it is done. Here we go! "

And the little organ tunes up, and, the first thing we know, we are going in great shape. *Rescue the Perishing, Return, Ye Wanderers, Marching On*, and, most popular song of every mission field, *Jesus Loves Me*. We make them ring!

" What is that big red thing up yonder? " " The sun? " " What is the sun? " " Nobody knows? Well, I'll tell you. It is a great huge lump of fire. You know in the winter-time you sometimes burn round balls of charcoal, you call *tadon*? Well, the sun is just a big *tadon*. Now, children, did you ever see anybody put his hands together and say prayers to the sun? " " Oh, yes; here is a boy who has seen that. Do you think it would be a very wise thing for a person to pray to a *tadon*? " " No? Then isn't there some mistake about praying to the sun? We have come out here, to-day, to tell you about the One who made the sun, and the earth, too, and everything that is in them. He is not a

senseless lump of fire. He is the Only God, and the One we ought to worship. He knows you and me, and though we can't see Him, He can hear us when we talk to Him. And I'll tell you something else. He loves us! He is the Father of our spirits."

And so the sermon goes on. Afterward, memory-verses are repeated; then more songs, and a short explanation of the tracts. Dr. Moore has been using his catechism, and the Sunday school pictures. All of us have been busy holding down the restless congregations. The meetings over, here comes a messenger with a request from the principal that we come into the teachers' room for a cup of tea. Several of the teachers are assembled to meet us, two of them, my old Sunday school boys. Being urgently requested, one of us plays a selection on the cherished piano.

Back to the Ford and the lunch-basket, and then four miles across country to another school, where we drop the Moores for a three o'clock meeting, and proceed to still another school, where we, too, have an afternoon meeting. This time we have to be more cautious. The teachers are hostile, and before the meeting is over, we are having trouble with the big boys, who are tearing up the tracts in our very faces. But such schools are few. For the most part, this work is pure joy. Who can tell what it will mean to the future of Christianity in this province? It is the country people of Japan who hate our religion, and who know nothing about

its doctrines. Here, in Sanuki, at least, Dr. Moore is reaching them in a way which has never before been possible. On every tract is printed an invitation to write for more literature, and more than two thousand children have responded.

Fie upon your asphalt roads and your five-thousand-dollar cars! For a real joy-ride try a cart-infested mountain trail and a " Gospel chariot " !

Sanuki
Jiro
tadon

Sah-noo-kee
Jee-roh
tah-dohn

VI

WE GO A-CALLING

BRING out your felt slippers and wrap them up with mine, in my green silk-crêpe bandanna with the picture of Fuji on it. And this square of brown silk adorned with pine and hawk will do to tie up our hymn-books and Bibles. We are out for calls to-day, and, first, we shall go to the new Governor's, and ask his wife to come to our cooking-class. We know nothing of her, and cannot be sure whether we shall be received graciously, or politely turned away.

From the big gates, standing hospitably open, there are huge stepping-stones through the wilderness of white pebbles which covers the front yard. There are handsome palms on either side of the entrance, and the front of the mansion is in "foreign style." We pull off our neckwear, and ring the electric bell. Who is this coming to meet us? None other than Fumi San, who used to bring a bright-faced toddler on her back to our kindergarten every day. How delighted she is to see us! Her face is one wreath of smiles, as she falls to her knees, and, placing her hands on the floor, bends until she touches them with her forehead. Then she shuffles back, to return immediately with

a pressing invitation to enter. We attack the green bandanna and our shoes.

The drawing-room is very English, very stiff, and very formal. Four huge, upholstered chairs are set with mathematical precision around a centre table, on which is an ornamental box for cigarette stubs and matches. There is a handsome Brussels carpet covering the floor to the walls. There are heavy lace curtains. In one corner, there is a plaster bust on a marble-topped table. The ceilings are high, and the room is cold. Fumi San waddles in with a fire-box, and places it between two of the monster chairs. We sit upon them warily, and spread our fingers to the glowing coals.

In a few minutes our hostess appears, tiny, well-groomed, and every inch the lady. Out of deference to our "foreign" surroundings, we dispense with the ceremony of dropping on all fours, but we bow as low as is physically possible, explaining who we are, and asking to be "taken into her favour." She is very sweet to us, indeed, and we find that she has known our friends in various parts of the country, has attended their sewing and cooking classes, and promises to come to ours. She evidently knows a good deal about Christianity, though she denies that she is a Christian, and knowing as much of official life as we do, we feel practically certain that she will never enter a church while her husband is governor, and that

she will not attend our classes regularly. Fumi San brings us cocoa in a slender-necked, china vessel, and sweetmeats adorned with the snowy crest of Fuji. We are shown out after a pleasant visit, and continue our smiling chatter as we stand like storks on the clean, stone step, dragging on our shoes again.

Our next stopping-place is with Wada San, a good old soul, and one of the best Christians we know. It is a puzzle to find her little house, so hidden is it in the winding lanes; but we finally hit the right path, two feet wide, leading to her door. "To-day as for! To-day as for!" we call, and we hear her coming on the run. "To-day as for! Well come!" And she drops upon her knees, and we begin our greetings.

Then she trots in for a cushion for each of us, so that we can sit in the doorway, and let our feet rest on the ground as we talk to her. But others have seen our approach, and the pathway is filling up with little gamins from all over the neighbourhood. You see their noses first, of course, and the babies on the backs of their irresponsible nurses, male and female, cause you anxiety. But these are an old story to me. Wada San and I chat on imperturbably. Her flow of speech is as the broken-up fountains of the great deep.

Next in order is Kasai San, at the Red Cross Hospital. We inquire for our friend at the desk, just beyond the ocean of variegated footwear we

have waded through, before disencumbering ourselves of our own shoes, and are conducted down interminable corridors toward the ward we are seeking. It is like walking the streets of a city. There are aisles, and cross-aisles, the bare boards of which shine like mirrors. We meet streams of patients and visitors. We pass open doors of crowded clinics. Capable little nurses in white cotton dresses, with bare feet on this winter day, wheel patients about on portable cots. We turn a corner and enter one of the public wards. There must be fifty patients in each great room, men, women, and children, old and young, lying on high iron beds, around which the friends who have come to prepare their meals and look after them, sit on their feet beside much miscellaneous paraphernalia.

There is food on the beds, and fruit, and books. Some of the convalescents are having a game of cards. Men are smoking. Nurses are standing about, apparently unconcerned. Everything is disorderly, yet quiet. Here is Kasai San, an attractive girl of twenty. Her hymn-book and Bible and a few other books are neatly piled beside her hard pillow. She scrambles out of bed to bow to us, and we have to insist on her getting back. On the next bed is an old man ill with rheumatism, and across the aisle, a rakish young fellow, who stares at us impudently as he lights an evil-smelling cigarette.

We talk to the girl for a little while, read the

fourth chapter of Philippians at her request, and bow our heads for a quiet prayer. The nurses, many of whom we know, have joined us, and now we all sing, as quietly as possible, *I've Found a Friend in Jesus, From My Gracious Father's Side*, and a few other favourites. Sick people gather about us from every side. They are used to Miss Atkinson's work in the hospital, and glad to see us. We are surprised at the number of hymn-books that are pulled from under pillows. Often they belong to patients, who know little of Christianity except what these hymn-books have taught them. Absolutely forbidding Kasai San to follow us to the corridor, we make our way back to the office, and the front door, and the old man who has our shoes in charge.

Down the wide street to Iwase San's, where, a few days ago, the death-angel entered suddenly, and carried away the baby-girl. The mother, educated in a Christian school, is married to a strict Buddhist, and, although she has allowed us to have knitting classes in her house, never darkens the door of the church. We have heard of the big Buddhist funeral, and how the mother has seemed to her friends completely impassive, showing nothing of her terrible grief. But when she opens the door to us, her face, now that the funeral guests are gone, frightens us with its ghastly pallor. Her eyes are red-rimmed and bloodshot. She drops on her knees for the formal bow, but, in-

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stead, we catch her hands, and her tears and ours, flow unrestrained.

“Oh, Okusan, you cannot bear it unless He helps you! The only comfort is in Him! God has taken your baby to Himself in Heaven, and He is calling you to prepare to come to her when your life here is done. ‘*Let not your heart be troubled . . .*’”

At last the hard, strained look is gone, and the woman's face lights up with peace. As we leave this home in the shadows of the dusk, it is with a prayer that through the loss of the little one, this whole family will come at last to Him “*whom to know is life eternal.*”

Fuji

Fumi

Kasai

Iwase

Okusan

Wada

Foo-jee

Foo-mee

Kah-sai

E-wah-say

Oh-k'-sahn

Wah-dah

VII

A TENT MEETING

THESE is one beautiful modern street in Takamatsu, with cement-block sidewalks, and ornamental electric-light posts. A year ago, the present representative of the former *daimyo* of this province tore down the ancient walls around his grounds, and constructed a roadway as a gift to the city. Two or three doors from the corner where it meets one of the main business streets, a vacant lot is crowded with excited small boys helping to put up a tent for evangelistic meetings.

On one edge of the lot is a shed, where fruit is being sold at wholesale. In the rear is a restaurant, inconveniently close when the noises of drinking and dancing and *samisen*-playing will mingle with our hymns and exhortations. Matsui San, the fat proprietor of the fruit-stand, attired in a blanket roped about his waist, hustles his clerks out to assist in running up the tent. The children scampering around under foot, are sent over town to distribute circulars advertising the meeting. Mountains of Standard Oil packing-boxes are brought in, and boards laid across them for seats. A slightly wobbly platform is constructed and

covered with a piece of fresh matting, while the sides are draped with bright red cheesecloth. A stand and a seat for the preacher, a song-chart, a big bass drum, and a tiny baby-organ, complete the preparations. All about the walls are posters containing announcements in huge Chinese characters.

One of the missionaries mounts the platform and begins the song-service. The baby-organ shrieks at the top of its lungs. The drum booms. Strong voices shout, regardless of the key. The Christians beat time, and the perspiring missionary brings tongue and arms and legs into violent action. Every seat is taken, and in the rear, at least a hundred people are standing. They remain motionless throughout the service. On the outside there are a hundred more. Little boys lie on the ground and poke their heads through the tent, wherever there is a chance of their not being trodden on. The missionary ladies sit on the edge of the platform, facing the crowd.

Here are nurses from the Red Cross Hospital, and there is the doctor who was with us when Little Barbara died. There is a blind man, and a toothless, wrinkled granny. There are our school-girls and some college-boys who come to our classes. Our vegetable man is here, too, and the little sewing-woman who studies the Bible with Mrs. Munroe at night.

Here is Doi San, with her seventh baby! (It

seems such a little while since we acted as go-betweens for her marriage!) And here is the evil mother of one of our young girl-friends—a woman so vile that I feel sick at having to smile and return her bow, when she comes up in front of the whole congregation and makes me elaborate greetings, while I am wrestling with the baby-organ. Dear God, have we faith to believe that there is pardon for even such unbelievable sins as this woman has been guilty of?

But that is the message of the preacher—God, sin, and salvation. In burning words he tells the story of the Cross, and holds that motley gathering breathless.

“How many of you are already Christians?” he cries, and when we stand, he catches sight of Kin San, our Korean, in his white robes. In an instant he has grasped his hand, and stands there telling the Japanese that he, and Kin San, are brothers in Christ.

For an hour and a half he proclaims the old, old story to these people, most of whom have never heard it before. He minces no words in pronouncing all men sinners, and in setting before them their hope of salvation. There is perfect attention. Out in the streets the crowds are surging by, singing and shouting, for it is the Emperor’s Birthday. Silly *geisha* in men’s *kimono*, and drunken men dressed like women, stroll by playing *samisen* and flute and drum, and singing ribald songs. At the

restaurant they are drinking, clapping their hands and howling. But there is silence in the tent, and every eye is fixed upon the preacher.

When the sermon is over, he calls upon the whole congregation to rise and come forward. They move up the aisles at once, and into the space around the platform. Those who have been standing so long press up closer, and the whole tent is full. Then the preacher urges all to pray aloud, and to our wonder and surprise, there is no hesitation. Christians and those who have this night heard the Word of God for the first time, join together in earnest supplication. When the prayer is over, the minister's voice is heard again as he bids all repeat after him these simple words of grace:

Though your sins be as scarlet . . . they shall be as white as snow . . . though they be red like crimson . . . they shall be as wool. . . . If we confess our sins . . . He is faithful and just to forgive us our sins . . . and to cleanse us from all unrighteousness. . . . Look unto Me . . . all ye ends of the earth . . . and be ye saved. . . . For God so loved the world . . . that He gave His only begotten Son . . . that whosoever believeth in Him . . . should not perish . . . but have everlasting life. . . . He who doeth the will of God . . . abideth forever. . . .

Silently, with shining eyes and solemn faces, the

listeners pass out of the tent into the gaudy streets,
and are swallowed up in the crowds of revelers.

Takamatsu

daimyo

samisen

Doi

Kin

geisha

kimono

Tah-kah-mah-tsoo

dai-myoh

sah-me-sen

Doh-ee

Kin

gay-shah

kee-moh-noh

VIII

COMMENCEMENT AT THY KINGDOM KINDERGARTEN

THE children of the Love class in our kindergarten, are graduating to-day. They sit in the circle for the last time, glancing around importantly at the smaller toddlers in the Hope class and the Faith class, and at the parents, grandparents, older sisters and missionaries gathered in front of the big, white, sheet-like curtain which hangs before the pulpit on week-days. For Thy Kingdom Kindergarten has no building of its own, but uses the auditorium of the little church which sponsors it. The Ladies' Aid makes lampshades, and pastes matchboxes, and sells soap and salve, and peddles gingham to raise the money needed to supplement the tuition fees. And the boys of the Y. M. C. A. hire a two-wheeled cart, and pull it about town delivering charcoal, by way of doing their bit.

Before we can have a church service, sixty little chairs, several tables, the horse-headed see-saw, the shoot-the-chutes, and the delightful contrivance upon which fifteen children may ride at once must be patiently stored away, and the folding-chairs we use for worship set up in their places. The

pictures of puppies, and American babies, and skyscrapers, and flower-gardens, are left in their places, as well as the big blackboard, and perhaps an amazing warship flying the Rising Sun, done in red and green and brown crayon, by some five-year-old hand. Two thousand yen lie in the bank earning interest, and every quarter subscriptions are being paid against the five thousand yen necessary, before the contract can be let for a building which will house the kindergarten adequately, and make it possible for the little ones to ply their chopsticks at dining tables which can stay placed, and *not* have to be brought in and taken out every time they are used.

In the meantime, on Sunday mornings, we smile indulgently at the kitty-pictures, and try to ignore the great gobs of plastering which have fallen before the rockers of the hobby-horses. These scars of battle are impressive, for the kindergarten has been running many years.

The organ plays softly. Sixty little black heads are bowed. Sixty pairs of little hands are folded reverently. Sixty little voices sing together for the last time, *Father We Thank Thee for the Night*. Teacher gently asks God's blessing on the Love class, which is soon to venture into the world of school. There is a lively motion-song about the Heavenly Father's care for the birds; infant fingers twinkling, infant heads nodding. There are "Rhyzzum" plays, with mad cavorting to the

strains of *Coming Through the Rye*. Teacher tells the children's favourite story of the baby Moses, whose mother had to hide him from the cruel king; how she daubed the little basket with mud to make it tight, and left it by the water, with big sister watching. . . . Black eyes shine; chubby cheeks glow.

Next a march, the children bearing over their shoulders the flags of the nations. A folk-dance, with small, red skirts flapping against cute bloomers, and boys' stiff, white aprons spotless above cherished blue serge, or smart, brown flannel. Little beige-coloured silk socks are displacing the coarse home-knit pink woolen stockings of a season or two previous. All so very different from the black crested *haori* with heavy, silk pleated skirts, and the butterfly and cherry-blossom kimono of the children of other days. These boys and girls will never be satisfied with the clothing of their fathers—a pity, but an emblem of advance!

Takada San, the pastor of the church, in black clericals, stands before a table piled high with diplomas tied in blue and pink. He bows and calls the name of Sogo Taro. Little Taro runs to a spot in the middle of the circle; bows; becomes uncannily solemn; carefully measures off three steps forward, counting them with puckered brow and bated breath; bows again; raises both hands to receive the precious paper; bows; backs carefully three solemn steps; bows; turns, and then bounds

to his seat in hilarious relief. The audience titters and applauds. Twenty-five children are called, one by one, and twenty-five children repeat Taro's performance. Some are white with nervousness; others grin and swagger. But they are all dignity for the fateful three steps and the set bows. They have begun, to-day, to practice the ceremony which will be repeated by some until the day when they bow themselves away in their final graduation exercises, from the Head of the Imperial University.

The last diploma received, Takada San tells the story of a boy who was selected as artist's model for the picture of an angel, and who, when old, was painted again, this time as a model for the devil. He warns them that they have come to a time when they must choose the road they are to follow, and urges them to take the right one, and, especially, not to give up coming to Sunday school. As he speaks we bring to mind the faces of our Sunday school scholars, almost all of whom were once in this kindergarten. We see Mino San, who now has a class of his own, and who knows how to interest little children better than any teacher there, because he remembers his own days in the kindergarten. We see the boys of our Bible class, whom we first knew as toddlers, and who, next month, will be leaving for the opportunities and the temptations of distant cities.

We picture these little children, grown to manhood, neither hostile, nor intolerant, not even in-

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different, but friendly, and we pray, interested and enthusiastic, over the coming of the Kingdom of God in their great country. And, always, through a misty blur, we see one golden head which once belonged among the dark ones, and is now so far, so far away, across the sea!

haori

Takada

Sogo

Taro

hah-oh-ree

Tah-kah-dah

Soh-goh

Tah-roh

IX

THE MARRIAGE OF KONO AND SONO

KONO SAN is the bookkeeper at the School for the Blind in our town. Sono San has worked for some years at the Yasuda Bank. One of her friends in the bank, knowing that both were "looking around," conceived the happy idea of suggesting a marriage between the two. Many anxious consultations and family conferences ensued. Health and wealth and education were taken into consideration. Finally, the bargain was settled, presents exchanged, and, to-night, we are invited to our little Christian church to attend the wedding ceremony.

The first heavy snowfall we have had here in twenty-two years has fallen, and we wade through it gingerly, trying to avoid being tripped by the telephone-wires lying scattered around. The Japanese have a hard time navigating in their high clogs, which cake with snow at every step. At the church door we stop to wrestle with boots and rubbers, and to don red felt bedroom slippers, and then stumble among the rows of straw sandals, placed conveniently where the native guests can slip into them. Koike San stands at the door, all

smiles and bows, and hands us the mimeographed "purogram."

The church is half-filled with guests, but deadly silent. We see black silk or purple-crested *haori* coats; frock-coats; "morningus"; black cotton students' uniforms; gleaming red-and-gold hair ornaments, adorning satiny black works of art; two children in "foreign clothes," and, in the seat of honour, Kono San's father, in the dress uniform of a colonel, with yards of gold braid, and six glittering decorations, to say nothing of his sword.

The church is clean, and bare, and cold. Beside the pulpit is a pine-tree, three feet tall, in a great vase of basketry. The organ is neatly covered with red and black calico. On the wall is a sign advertising "Mentholatum," which is sold by the Ladies' Aid. The pastor makes his way to the pulpit, a missionary to the organ, and the "purogram" begins. There follows a soft rendering of hymns, not very skilfully done—*O, Mother Dear, Jerusalem, Dear Lord and Father of Mankind, Jesus, Thy Name I Love*. Suddenly, the groom and his go-between appear, and seat themselves in the front row. More music, and the bride and the wife of the go-between are with us, seated beside the two brethren. The minister announces, and the congregation rise and sing, *Thy Grace, O God, How Wonderful*. We bow in prayer. The minister reads the Bible teachings about marriage, and we rise again, and sing *This*

Changeful World No Peace Affords. The young couple and the go-betweens rise, and the pastor reads the marriage service.

Kono San wears a black-crested *haori* and full-pleated, striped silk skirt. The bride's *kimono* is black, with an elaborate pattern of white-and-gold birds and flowers. Her *obi* is a gorgeous affair of wonderful gold brocade. There are glimpses of red-and-white under-*kimono*. Her face has been treated to a heavy coat of red and white enamel, and her lips are well rouged. Her lovely black hair is combed in "foreign style" with graceful waves and ear-puffs, surmounted on one side, with a spray of artificial flowers, on the other, with a down powder-puff. Her head is bowed from the shoulders, inflexibly.

There is no joining of right hands. Having discovered that this custom is "not in the Bible," the Japanese are discarding it as a humiliation too bitter to be borne. The vows are taken, and we bow again in prayer. In a formal speech the minister pronounces the wedded couple man and wife. We rise and sing *O Love Divine and Tender* to the tune of "Webb" (*Stand Up, Stand Up, for Jesus*). The colonel, in his blaze of glory, rises, bows, and thanks us for taking the trouble to leave our business and come out in the cold to see his son married. Koike San brings forward a fat sheaf of telegrams, and reads them unctuously. We are rising to sing *The Doxology*, when the

lights go out. The preacher pronounces the benediction in the darkness, and the missionary at the organ plays for a recessional the only hymn she knows by heart, *Oh, Spread the Tidings Round!*

The lights come on again, and the women guests hurry to make preparations for the feast that is to come, while the men bring out the little tables from the kindergarten and set chairs beside them. Huge sheets of white paper are pinned on for tablecloths. Fifty people sit down at the U-shaped board. We pray and sing, and pray again. Now the feast is served. *Chawan-mushi*, in covered bowls of red and white and blue Imari ware, *o sushi* on plates to match, large cups of sugarless, creamless tea, three golden oranges, and three slightly green bananas, are there for each of us. It makes a colourful, attractive display. *Chawan-mushi* is a delicious compound of bits of chicken, eel, mushrooms, ground fish, lily bulbs, bamboo sprouts, *shoyu* and eggs, steamed together in Imari bowls. *O sushi* is cold rice wrapped in seaweed and garnished with fish, egg, vegetables, and bright red ginger. Our chop-sticks are in a sanitary envelope. They have been split but half-way, so that we can be assured of their not having been used before, and in the split place is inserted a toothpick.

The men are at one long table, the women at the other, the bride and groom, with their relatives, being seated at the transverse of the U. The guests

chat in subdued whispers, but the relatives utter no sound. Only the bride's hair and forehead are visible, and the groom's bowed head almost hides his features. We take a hasty note of the people present. There is the banker, a railway official, a doctor, a man from the Agricultural Experiment Station. There are teachers from the Government schools, two pastors, several students, missionaries, women and children.

The feast over, we turn to entertainment. Four of the girls sing a quartette, *Soft the Breeze O'er Olive's Mount*. They do it well, howbeit, from modesty, they half turn their backs to the audience, and do not lift their eyes from their hymn-books. A missionary renders a bass solo, and a woman teacher sings *Rocked in the Cradle of the Deep*. A student from the Commercial College makes a "teiburu-toku," (table talk), which is quite creditable. A professor from the college carefully parts his divided, silk skirt to kneel upon a cushion and give a native recitation—a peculiar performance which no flight of imagination could picture adequately. He is encored. The go-between rises to thank us for the trouble we have taken to be present. There is another prayer, and we are dismissed in orderly fashion. Whereupon, with one accord we enter into an orgy of bowing.

As we struggle through the almost-forgotten snow, we wonder whether, when we reach America again, after so many years of quiet, reserved en-

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joyment with the habit of prayer followed at all social functions, we shall not be a bit lonely at the weddings in our own country, and whether the gaiety there will not seem to be made up, too largely, merely of noise?

Kono

Sono

Yasuda

Koike

chawan-mushi

o sushi

shoyu

Imari

Koh-no

Soh-no

Yah-soo-dah

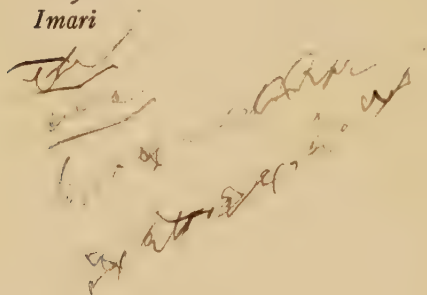
Koh-ee-kay

chah-wahn-moo-shee

oh soo-shee

shoh-you

E-mah-ree



X

THE TSUKIJI CHRISTMAS TREE

THERE is a little bit of Arkansas set down among the lotus fields, paulownia trees, and filth-choked ditches of Tsukiji-Machi, one of the humble suburbs of the city of Takamatsu, in Sanuki Province, Japan. For years, women all over the State of Arkansas worked and prayed to give us our trim, yellow church-building and quaint black manse. Will you come along with me, to-night, to the Christmas Tree, and see a little bit of what these gifts are doing for the people of Tsukiji, who have never heard of the Christ-Child?

As we turn the corner, two blocks away, we hear the excited voices of boys and girls who are already crowding the churchyard, although it is almost an hour before the program is timed to begin. As yet the doors are fast closed against them, so they scramble out to meet us as we pass under the pine-covered arch at the gate. Dear little delighted ragamuffins! Some of them scream a saucy welcome. Some give a military salute. Others bow half-way to the ground, and all watch with envious eyes as the closed doors open at our call, and we are admitted, along with the other

teachers and responsible heads of the entertainment.

On the threshold, we pause in amazement! The space behind the pulpit is entirely covered by a picture representing the Visit of the Wise Men. It is really quite well done, the figures more than life-size—Mary, the Baby, the Wise Men kneeling with their gifts, Joseph and a lamb in the background. The skilful management of the lights makes the effect so striking as to be almost startling. Just below the platform is the pretty little tree, decorated with cotton "snow," tinsel beads, red candles, celluloid Santa Clauses, and a photograph of the church. The presents are neatly piled on trays, ready for distribution. We voice our enthusiastic admiration, and are told that it is all the work of Kin San, our poor, lovable, ne'er-do-well Korean, who is always in debt, and can never keep a job, no matter how hard his friends have worked to get it for him. It was Kin San who had cajoled a sign-painter into doing the big picture for only one dollar—less than he would have charged for putting paint on the same area of weather-boarding! Kin San was the head decorator of the tree, too, and planned the green paper shades with their fringe of crosses for the electric lights. Kin San was the inspiration for the arch, and for the "Merry Christmas" motto of yellow and red chrysanthemums.

The crowd in the yard has increased in size and



PROCESSION OF PRIESTS AND SACRED MAIDENS AT KOTOHIRA

excitement and noise. Finally, the side-doors are thrown open, and all the regular Sunday school pupils are allowed to enter and seat themselves on the floor of the side-room. The visiting children are herded into the auditorium. Fathers and mothers are conducted to the pews, and the young people of the neighbourhood fill up what standing room is left. The great moment to begin the program has come. Sato San and Noda San carry in the song-chart, a huge affair decorated with red, green and yellow pictures. Kido San seats herself at the organ. The superintendent counts, "One, two, three!" and we burst into *Joy to the World!* At the close of the hymn, Miyai San pulls off "Number 1" from the fat program, and "Number 2" is displayed. Twelve-year-old Togo San stumbles up to the platform, bows, and begins to pray. All around there are stage-whispers, "Close your eyes!" Togo San fairly bounds away in his relief when his prayer is over. The non-Sunday-school-goers in the rear, applaud vigorously, to the scandal of those who are better informed.

Half a dozen little fellows march up to give the audience a formal welcome. Four of them wear pleated skirts and long, wadded *kimono* coats of dark, cotton goods. Their feet are bare. White-cotton drawers are buttoned around their ankles. One child has on his school uniform of blue-cotton coat and trousers half-way down to his feet. Still another has on a tailored "foreign suit," and over

it, a white apron trimmed with Hamburg embroidery.

The next number on the program is *Silent Night*, a duet by two little girls. One of them is clad in a kimono gay with all the flowers of a summer garden. The other imagines she is dressed like an American. Her frock, which reaches far below her knees, is green, trimmed with purple. Her stockings are red, and her shoes are made of bright blue rubber. One heavy braid of hair is tied with red, the other with pink. An ornament of dyed chicken-feathers is bound about her brow. The little ones sing the song sweetly, but the poor accompanist reminds us of the story of the epitaph to the lady who was

. One
Who never let her left hand know
What her right hand done!

A class of little boys recites *The Beatitudes*. A half-grown boy in black woolen gloves, but without shoes or stockings, tells the story of Christmas. Six little girls sing a song. Another group gives memory verses. There is an elaborate dialogue requiring the use of a steamer chair and a feather duster (which has been forgotten, and has to be sent for, in the middle of things). Then there is another dialogue in which the children impersonate the fruits of the Bible—the vine, the fig, the pome-

granate, and the olive. A shepherd with his crook comes in leading two "sheep" on all-fours, who obligingly help their master tell of the Vision of the Angels. Kin San comes on, in all the glory of his native costume, with a billy-goat beard pasted on for the occasion, above billowing white garments. He makes a lot of fun pretending to be learning the Japanese language. He really speaks it wonderfully, but he is having the time of his life, forgetting all about his debts, and his hunger, and his inability to keep a job. What a grand actor he would have made!

Next comes Miyai San, the pastor of the church, in his white tie and long black coat. He gives us a fine sermon. There is splendid attention, and we are grateful for this opportunity to spread the Glad Tidings. The sermon is followed by a collection (at a Christmas tree!). There is a fervent prayer, and we sing the *Doxology*. Then comes the real excitement. The children who have not certificates stating that they have been coming to Sunday school regularly, are firmly shooed out of the door, and the others with difficulty calmed down sufficiently to receive their presents decently and in order. There are oranges and little red-paper boxes of cake for every one, while for those who have been especially diligent, notebooks and pencils, and for some, even dolls and pictures from America.

Finally, the last parcel has been handed over,

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the last grateful little bow made, the last delighted child having found his wooden shoes, has trotted home in the moonlight. A dozen or so of us stand together in the quiet church, for a last word of prayer. And, of all the causes for thanksgiving this happy Christmas night, none is more fervently, more often mentioned, than our gratitude for the beautiful little church, which was built for us by our friends in far-away America.

Kido

Miyai

Noda

Sato

Togo

Tsukiji-Machi

Kee-doh

Me-yai

No-dah

Sah-toh

Toh-goh

Tsoo-kee-jee-Mah-chee

XI

JAPAN WELCOMES THE FRIENDSHIP DOLLS

AT this writing, the whole country is being given over to the business of welcoming the Friendship Dolls from America. The most beautiful one goes to the baby daughter of the Emperor. A few go to a museum, the others to kindergartens and primary schools all over the country. Seventeen have come to the town in which we live, and little golden-haired Lydia has been asked to take part in the Welcome Meeting to be held at the City Library.

We leave the street-car at a corner near a tiny lakelet with an old, old, gray stone bridge, and the shimmer of promised green on the weeping willow mirrored in the water. Up a cross street there is a long row of granite arches leading to the massive gates of a temple. We turn into the space in front of the library, which is crowded with children. Each school has sent representatives to the central celebration, after having had similar ceremonies of its own. The little folks set up a shout of delight when we appear, and line up on both sides to bow as we pass. We are welcomed heartily at the door by half a dozen teachers, given tea and beancakes

in the reception-room, and then conducted into the auditorium, where three hundred solemnly important little representatives of the city schools are assembled.

The centre of interest is the big stand on the platform, upon which are *sitting*—Japanese dolls have no knees!—the little friends from America;—Priscilla Jackson from Portland, Hazel Dayton from East Aurora, and the rest, in hats and coats, dresses and bloomers, socks and *white shoes!* Each has her ticket and passport and her “friendship” letter, laboriously translated into Japanese. Down in front of the platform are the babies from the kindergartens. Behind, are the schoolgirls in drab *kimono* and red, pleated skirts, with bare legs and white foot-mittens. Along the walls stand the teachers; thirty-five or more men in “Prince Alberts,” and as many women in ceremonial native costume. The Governor, the Mayor, and other guests of honour, which include the Americans, are seated up front in red velvet chairs. In the rear, two photographers are ready to snap the scene for the Osaka papers. Above the platform are draped the Stars and Stripes and the Rising Sun, the latter with its black streamer for the dead Emperor.

The principal of one of the schools makes a formal address, in which reference is made to Perry, the new Emperor, the children of America, the Era of Radiant Peace, and the Friendship Dolls. “The heart of a child of three remains the

same until he is a hundred," he says. "If the children of our two countries can be taught to love and understand each other, there need be no fear for the peace of the future."

Little Lydia, with the doll from East Aurora in her arms, trots out to meet a mite in a blue *kimono* and gold sash. Two little heads bob; the dolly changes hands; two more bobs; wild applause; flashlights. A girl of fourteen reads a "welcome" address. One of the American visitors takes a doll and tells the children of their friends across the sea, who have sent their messengers with the wish that the young people of Japan and America may "know each other's hearts." All the children rise and sing the song sent out by the Department of Education for this occasion. They are singing it everywhere in Japan. All over the country fathers and mothers are going to the schools to ask for a "worshipful look at the Honourable Doll." From Emperor to peasant, the whole nation has been touched.

Three years ago, just after the Exclusion Bill was passed, I was sitting alone in our Gospel Chariot by the side of a road away up in the mountains. Two dirty-faced little boys in dingy *kimono* climbed upon the running-board to watch me knit. We chatted amiably for a while when one little fellow turned to the other and said, "All Americans are bad; but maybe the women are good!" If, ever again, there should come a time

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when the Japanese feel that America is an enemy, the children of Japan may think of these dolls in their foolish little pink organdie dresses and *white shoes* and say, "Americans cannot all be bad, for we know that the children are good! "

XII

ENGLISH

MORE than a thousand years ago the Chinese went over to Japan and took their language with them. Ever since, all who would aspire to any sort of scholarship have had to wrestle with it. Practically all the characters have at least two readings, the native Japanese, and the Japanese attempt to pronounce the original Chinese. For example, the character meaning "love" is pronounced either *itsukushimi*, or *ai*, according to the connection. The words mean the same. Some characters have as many as five readings.

Within fifty years, at the present rate, there will be three ways of saying things; Japanese, Japanese-Chinese, and Japanese-English. One night at a hotel we counted the things on the table which the Japanese speak of—or try to—by their English names. There were *bata*, and *miruku*, and *kohi*, and *naifukin*, and *jami*, and *naifu*, and *hoku*, and *piku*, and half a dozen others. Menu cards and concert programs and newspaper advertisements are often a hodge-podge of Japonicised English and Chinese characters, with hardly a native word in them. Japanese is built around a syllabary, not an

alphabet; consequently English words cannot be transliterated exactly, and hence the pronunciation of these adopted words is usually a mystery to foreigners.

It is quite the thing to air one's knowledge of English. Chauffeurs' assistants shout to their chiefs "O rail!" when the road is clear. Delivery boys from butchers' shops dash about on their bicycles with "The Meat" in flowing white script on the backs of their blue cotton coats. Coolies walk along behind the missionaries calling out, "A, B, C, D!" or "Yes, yes, yes, yes!" One day a high-school boy inquired as he passed me, "Ees eet an elephant?" Now I have always entertained a slight suspicion that I was a trifle stout for perfect grace, but before I could take the remark personally, his companion replied, "No; eet ees a pen!" and I perceived that they were repeating selections from their First Reader for my benefit. One night a girl appeared with the request that I teach her Shakespeare's *Hamlet*, and when I asked her in English what day she could come, she replied, "My name is Ota Yukiko!"

But Yano San is really most interesting. He sees me on the street, runs to catch up with me, and greets me with a hearty "Good day, sir!" Then he walks as far on his side of the road as possible, while he struggles to formulate some remark. With shining eyes he sidles toward me, and "shoots" it into my ear, then skips back across

the street to think up something more. One day his first effort was, "Have you ever been to Richmond?" and the next, "I think your ancestors were a jumble!" Seeing my rather startled surprise, he hastened over again to add, "The Anglo-Saxon people came many lands!"

I love to teach the Japanese English. From the kindergarten babies who are so proud when they learn to "put the monkey in the bucket," and "jump down from the table," to the high-school boys who quite understand when I tell the story of Joseph, and who can *almost* tell it themselves now, it is all delight. And how they love our hymns! I believe Mr. Erickson and his boys must have sung *Happy Day* and *Sunshine in My Soul* thousands of times!

Some of the finest Christian workers in Japan were won through the study of English;—Paul Kanamori, who has preached untiringly to the multitudes; Uemura, the lamented leader of the Presbyterians; Ebina, best known minister of the Congregational Church; the Methodist Bishop Uzaki, and Kagawa, preacher, social worker, author, lecturer, politician, and "Sunshine of the Slums." Kikuchi Kan, whose plays are being given in London, used to come to our house for English—the English Bible.

Among a missionary's treasures are his letters from his boys: "Sir, dear Madam"; "My dear, respectful Sir"; "Lord High Bishop of Shi-

koku ”; “ I am well, so rest your heart ” . . .
 “ I have violated a spiritual laws, which can't see
 by the physical eyes ” . . . “ Nothing is more
 favourable than my situation in society; the de-
 velopment of my life has of a sudden taken a
 favourable turn ” . . . “ Not a few times was
 I going to be drown in the rough waves of the
 world ” . . . “ It is a great mystery whether
 I shall attend to the class on Saturday with
 pleasant face or not ” [at examination time!]
 . . . “ I much regret that I do not attend
 to your class to-day owing to raining, for my
 doctor strictly forbids me to walk out on the rain
 day ” . . . “ I am convinced of something
 very string and very happy, which religion gives
 to the mortal ” . . . “ I think the study is in
 to-day evening. It is errored ” . . . “ You
 have tenderly preached me a long time ” . . .

There are letters which we cannot quote. They
 are too deeply enshrined in our hearts to risk a
 thoughtless smile from others. They show the
 inner souls of these poor boys, caught in the com-
 plexities of a life which is often too much for
 them. Unwisely spoiled for the first few years of
 life, they are cruelly burdened with study for the
 competitive examinations by which they enter high
 school. Often they leave home by seven o'clock in
 the chill of the winter morning, to return at dusk,
 and study until ten at night. Their clothing is
 insufficient; their food lacking in nourishment; the

schools are without heat, the winter winds bitter. Only a fraction of those who have made the brave struggle can be accommodated at the schools they wish to enter, and as the time comes for college and university, these difficulties are magnified many times. Many students face with dread the possibility that their fathers may be unable to continue to send them to school. Practically all are anxious lest they may find it impossible to secure a position after graduation. One boy who was graduated with honour from a university failed to secure employment after writing eighty-one applications and spending a strenuous year of searching and begging all over the country. Those who do secure employment are often wretchedly paid. Home life for these students is often most unfortunate. A drunken father, there may be, and an evil woman who passes as stepmother, while the legal wife is living in destitution—oh, these boys do not have an easy time! No wonder so many of them succumb to tuberculosis, to insanity, to suicide. As for those who are through with school, what temptations wait! *Sake*, and *geisha*, and the husks that the swine do eat!

Do you wonder that words like the following are more precious than gold?

“Your kind letter recalls me of our studying the New Testament merrily at your house? I wish I could once more sing ‘Oh, Happy Day’ innocently with those friends who are lucky enough to be able

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to enjoy them every Saturday. I also wish I could again sit down on my chair that was next the phonograph which comforted my heart so much. I have still an invisible treasure nothing can take its place. That is *Faith* which effect I appreciate so deep."

<i>itsukushimi</i>	e-tsoo-koo-she-me
<i>ai</i>	ah-ee
<i>bata</i>	bah-tah (butter)
<i>miruku</i>	me-roo-koo (milk)
<i>kohi</i>	koh-he (coffee)
<i>nafukin</i>	nah-foo-kin (napkin)
<i>jami</i>	jam-me (jam)
<i>naiju</i>	nai-foo (knife)
<i>hoku</i>	hoh-koo (fork)
<i>piku</i>	pe-koo (<i>tooth</i> -pick)
<i>o rai</i>	oh rai (all right)
<i>Ota</i>	Oh-tah
<i>Yukiko</i>	Yu-ke-koh
<i>Yano</i>	Yah-no
<i>Kanamori</i>	Kah-nah-moh-ree
<i>Uemura</i>	Oo-ay-moo-rah
<i>Uzaki</i>	Oo-zah-kee
<i>Kagawa</i>	Kah-gah-wah
<i>Kikuchi Kan</i>	Ke-koo-chee Kahn
<i>Shikoku</i>	She-koh-koo
<i>sake</i>	sah-kay
<i>geisha</i>	gay-sha
<i>Osaka</i>	Oh-sah-kah

XIII

A SCHOOL FOR THE GRANDSONS OF SAMURAI

THE Number Ten primary school is two miles from my home in Takamatsu. Will you go with me for a visit there, this sunny morning in February? Down the middle of the street we go, fascinated with the mixture of East and West—gentlemen attired in correct blue serge and overcoats; ladies in striped silk *kimono* and soft, richly-coloured wraps; countrymen in coarse cotton, cut much like the garments of the women; coolies in tights, their backs decorated with huge Chinese characters advertising the trade of their masters; venturesome babies toddling about, their little red clothes so padded that they appear to roll. Here comes a man on a bicycle carrying a couple of boards, fifteen feet long, over his shoulder, and there is a woman with three young palm trees tied to the back of her wheel. A boy passes us steering his wheel with one hand, and balancing aloft a tray of food from a near-by restaurant, in the other. A little old lady, looking considerably more than sixty, is taking her invalid husband for an airing in a sort of go-cart, specially built for him. A leper, in his little tin-roofed

cart, pushes himself along by grasping the front wheels; the Governor goes by in his Packard, driven by a smart chauffeur; a two-wheeled wagon drawn by two women and a little furry cow, rumbles amiably along.

We pass shops purveying fish, fruit, vegetables, meat, clothing, radio sets, groceries from America, wooden shoes, incense, and wonderful baskets. There is a great granite bank-building which would do credit to any city, anywhere. An up-to-date tramcar glides along. We cross the track and go in at the imposing iron gates of the Number Ten primary school.

Before entering the long, low, unpainted building, let us take a look at the little shrine-like structure on the left,—the repository for the Imperial Photographs. It is of concrete, decorated with a big, gold-lacquered chrysanthemum crest, and looks like a small vault in a Western cemetery. The pictures enshrined there are, to the Japanese, sacred. In case of fire, their rescue is of supreme importance, and, at various times teachers have lost their lives in trying to save them, or have committed suicide because of failure in their attempt to do so. For this reason, these little fire-proof houses are being built on school grounds all over Japan.

The school-building itself is like three enormous capital H's laid side by side. The crossbar is a long covered passageway paved with stone. The

classrooms form the uprights, and the enclosed spaces are playgrounds. All the walls along these courts consist of sliding doors, half wood, and half opaque window-glass. There is no second story. Except in the larger cities, where breathing-room is scarce, this is the general plan for all the primary schools in Japan.

We wander along the great middle corridor, meeting no one. Then, at a venture, we turn into one of the courts. Fifty pairs of little wooden clogs with red velvet thongs lie on the pavement. Many are stamped with gay pictures of children in red, and blue, and green. It is the classroom of the girls' first grade, section I. We call a meeting, and gingerly push back a bit of the wall. Instantly the teacher is bowing us a greeting, and urging us inside the room. She is a bright-faced girl in a wadded upper garment, red pleated skirt, black stockings, and leather shoes. Fifty pairs of black shiny eyes are on us—little girls in the wadded cotton of their ancestors, in pink sweaters and green velvet skirts, in little blue serge middy suits, with bobbed hair. Our hearts incline to the wadded *kimono*, for there is no attempt to heat the building, even when winds from Siberia blow bitterly, and ice in the courts does not melt at all during the day.

The lesson is in arithmetic. Little Miss Teacher is right up with her profession. She has numberless devices for making things interesting. The

blackboard is decorated with pine-trees, mountains, little girls and flowers, all skilfully woven into the story that is being used to teach the children to "figure." A shower of number-cards is thrown into the back of the room, and the children scramble for the combinations that will make a certain sum. There is plenty of noise, but no confusion.

But here is the principal, who has heard about us somehow, and comes to do the honours. Bows; felicitations; apologies; thanks; bows. And now for some general questions. There are over eleven hundred children in this school, and twenty-six teachers, twelve of whom are women. The pupils are taught separately from the beginning, but have not separate playgrounds. (This in reply to our surprised question at recess.) Each child is supposed to pay ten cents a month tuition, but this is not required of the very poor. There are six grades in the school, and the entire course of study is compulsory. About half of the graduates continue their studies in schools of higher grade. The subjects studied are reading, writing, arithmetic, ethics, music, drawing, manual training, physical education, and nature-study. In the fourth year, "nature-study" becomes science, and in the fifth, the history and geography of Japan are added. In the sixth year foreign geography is taught, but, owing to the difficulty of reading Japanese, the children do not seem to learn more of this subject

than American children do in the third or fourth grade. Two thousand Chinese characters have to be mastered in the primary school. The course is uniform all over the country. The textbooks on ethics show pictures of firstfruits offered at the family shrine, and tell hero-stories of filial piety. In the readers there are tales of the sun-goddess and her love for the land of her descendants.

And now the principal is bowing us along the stone corridor, and across the sand-covered court to take a look at the laboratory. Not a sprig of green is to be seen in the playgrounds, except two or three sad-looking palm trees set in tubs. The laboratory is quite a credit to the school. It is extensive, and well-equipped for simple experiments in physics and chemistry, and for studying the elements of biology. In addition, there is a brave array of specimens of all kinds, collected by the children and their teachers. Two girls engaged in "lab" work stand and bow as we pass them on our way out.

Beyond the laboratory are the neatly kept gardens, the various beds carefully labeled with wooden markers in Chinese characters. There are bees, and birds in wooden cages with wire doors, and fish in tanks, and white rabbits. On, now, to a music classroom, where a young man seated at a piano is teaching a class of two hundred girls sight-singing. Nature has not been over-generous in her vocal endowment, but, at least, the girls are

perfecting themselves in the mechanics of their endeavour. Here, too, is a class in drawing, and we confess ourselves beaten. Continual practice in learning to paint the awful Chinese characters is turned to good account in other lines of art, and almost any Japanese child can draw a picture that an American adult would be proud of. We had one of our rare snows a week ago, and the walls of the room are covered with sketches of snowmen, all of them full of "pep" and character. Many are intended to represent the god of happiness.

Next we visit a room full of second-grade urchins in black cotton suits, with trousers to their ankles, struggling with the evil genius of Japan—the Chinese ideographs! For, in spite of the country's spirited endeavour to educate her masses, and the pride she feels in being one of the world's most literate nations, the fact remains that, only with difficulty, can the graduates of the primary schools read so much as a letter written by an educated person. And this in spite of having learned two thousand characters! The hardest work done by post-graduate students of the Imperial universities has to do with the study of their own language, or comes about because it must be done in an Occidental tongue. These little fellows of the second grade have started out bravely. Beside each little desk is tied a pad of newspaper fifteen inches by twelve, on which the child practises his characters

with India ink and writing-brush. In this grade these hieroglyphics are made so large that only one can be written on a sheet of the practise-paper.

On to the teachers' room for a cup of tea, a piece of sponge-cake, and a chat. Here is a clock, made ninety years ago from a model some Dutchman had at Nagasaki, before the people of other nations were allowed to come into the country. It has a queer metal arm, which ticks like a metronome, and the numerals are in Chinese; but it goes. The principal brings us books and pictures,—readers which tell of Washington and Franklin and Edison, of Niagara, and the Panama Canal. Then he shows us pictures of the children, below normal physically, who camped for three weeks the previous summer in the old castle grounds, so that they might be looked over thoroughly and prescribed for. Oh, they are doing things, here in Japan! In spite of a lack of money which would quite paralyze effort in wealthier countries; in spite of freezing weather and little bare feet; in spite of the unspeakable incubus of the Chinese characters still clinging to a language for which they were never fitted, the Japanese are going ahead bravely, ever teaching, ever learning!

Takamatsu
Nagasaki

Tah-kah-mah-tsoo
Nah-gah-sah-kee

XIV

WE GIVE A CONCERT

SANBON-MATSU is a little town about twenty-three miles from Takamatsu. It must be twenty-five years since the first missionary held his first street-meeting there. But it is a hard place,—hide-bound and conservative. Sometimes we maintained a chapel there, sometimes not. The best work has been a Bible class, in English, at the high school. Last winter, the principal told us, that one of the boys who had gone up to Osaka and made his fortune, had promised to buy a piano for his old school.

“But we haven’t a soul who can play it,” said the professor. And Mr. Erickson evinced a visible swelling of the chest. “When the piano comes, the missionary children will come out and give a concert for you,” he replied proudly. Thus plans were begun for the first musical performance ever held in that part of our province. Numerous letters were written, in which we were assured that “this concert will be an epochal event in the history of Sanbon-Matsu.” Spring vacation came, but the expected piano did not. A very nervous teacher made a trip to town, to find out whether we could manage with a six-octave piano. We

replied that we could not, that is, if it were at all possible to secure one of standard size. "All right, then," consented the teacher. "We shall borrow one from the primary school at Hiketa." (Hiketa is five miles from Sanbon-Matsu.)

On the morning of the great day, there were thirteen to make the trip. Five piled into the "Chariot," the rest started out by street-car. Across the city to the gate of our exquisite park; a wait of twenty minutes for the Suburban, and then a ride of ten miles through cherry-blossoms, azaleas, camellias, weeping-willows, and singing birds. Japanese street-cars bear, always, an original appearance. Festooned with bicycles, bulging with the packs of baggage carried by the passengers, they have an air of their own. Only seldom is there standing-room even. Each stop *en route* resembles an infant riot. Why on earth the owner-company does not put on more cars, no Westerner can explain. It is told of one line that more cars were added, and then, after about a month, discontinued. "But why?" asked the dismayed foreigners. "Oh, it was no use," was the reply. "The extra cars were just as crowded as the regular ones!"

Scores of muddy, wooden shoes reduce the floor to the state of a swamp. Over in one corner a party of "Flower-viewers" from Osaka is drinking noisily. They are called sharply to order by the gallant little conductor, and turn to making

personal remarks about the Americans. A little chap next to us is so pushed and buffeted by the crowd that he sets up a howl, and is hoisted to his father's back, seriously damaging our sleeves with his dirty clogs as he is pulled past us. A baby tied to its mother's back demands, and receives, the fourth soggy rice-cake in the course of twenty minutes.

An hour passes, and we are at Nagao, the terminal of the Suburban. Here is our teacher-friend to meet and escort us to the transfer jitney, which is to take us on to Sanbon-Matsu. Immaculate in his derby hat, frock coat, and gaiters, he evidently considers it an occasion. Ah, here is the jitney. Ford under-pinnings, Japanese top-parts; four seats, each supposed to accommodate four; a chauffeur resplendent in a gold-braided cap and uniform, and his assistant.

The assistant blows his horn, and we wriggle in, sixteen of us, Asiatic and American. The teacher tenders return tickets for the entire party. It costs him about twenty dollars, and our concert begins to appear important, even in our own eyes. It is fun to drive through the open country, bouncing over rough places, hurtling past corners, the assistant alighting often, to soothe a fractious cow, or help some man edge his cart away, out of the path of progress.

We find the entire faculty lined up to meet us at Sanbon-Matsu. In addition, there are delega-

tions of teachers from Hiketa, from Shiratori, from Yamaguchi, and other places unknown to us. The assembly hall is already full, and crowds of people are strolling about the grounds. We are taken to a spacious room where a large table has been decorated for a feast, and soon we are enjoying it to the full. How appetizing it looks! Each portion is served on individual, black lacquer trays, with a fine eye for colour—white, gold, red, green. Smoking soup, in which is floating a bit of fish; fluffy omelette; lily bulbs; mushrooms; fish cooked to a golden brown; salad, in which there are bits of chicken and beef; seaweed—a delicious Japanese feast. All do justice to it. The young people were born in Japan, and learned to eat Japanese food by the time they were big enough to beg from the cook in the kitchen.

The crowd in the assembly hall has increased until it is almost a mob, though a very patient, orderly one. Only the reserved seats for the concert company are left, when we are at last conducted to our places. There is thunderous applause at our appearance. A thousand people are seated on their heels on the hard floor. Several hundred more are standing at the windows. A bouquet of tissue-paper flowers, at least four feet in diameter, and beautifully made, hangs from the centre of the ceiling. On one side of the stage the English word "Welcome!" is blazoned in letters five feet high. On the other side is a bar of music.

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A great screen, of an exquisite shade of blue, ornaments the back of the stage.

The principal makes flattering introductions. We sing the Japanese national anthem and *America*, and the program has begun. We keep at it for almost three hours, broken by an intermission during which we are again conducted to the dining-room and given substantial refreshments. All doubts about how an untrained audience would react toward Chopin and his fellow-immortals are set at rest. The entire cast sings *Old Kentucky Home* and *Old Black Joe*. The smaller children sing duets. Darby Fulton charms every one with his violin, and Mrs. Munroe brings down the house with the easy grace of the runs and trills of her playing. Japanese children from the primary school sing for us and do some fancy dancing. A young lady plays on the *koto*, by way of contrast to the Western music. The older foreign children come on again in classical numbers, and the concert is over, amid wild applause. We are taken back for another round of tea and cake and fruit. The teachers line up to make their formal farewell. We bow at least a hundred times, and the great event is over.

Sanbon-Matsu
Hiketa
Nagao
Shiratori
Yamaguchi

Sahm-bohn-Mah-tsoo
 He-kay-tah
 Nah-gah-oh
 She-rah-toh-ree
 Yah-mah-goo-chee

XV

AT THE COTTON-FACTORY

SUPPOSE you and I board one of our brand-new all-steel "safety street-cars" and run down to Tsukiji to attend Miss Atkinson's meeting for the girls of the cotton-factory? We alight in a very humble part of the city. The streets are lined with shops, of course, as almost all streets are, but they are sorry little affairs, perhaps twelve feet across, and so low that we can reach up and touch the eaves of almost any of them. A crowd of unattractive children runs after us screaming, "Foreigner! Foreigner!" We turn in at the great gate of the factory, and are directed to the dining-room, where the meeting is to be held.

It is a huge, big room, built to accommodate at least five hundred. To our surprise, it is full of tables and chairs, and looks like one of the "swell" new restaurants of the port cities. Instead of the mats we expected, the floor is of concrete. There are big steam radiators all over the room. In the centre is a small platform upon which stands a good-looking piano swathed in red and black felt. The walls are beautifully white, and the wide, high, pointed windows flood the place on all sides with sunset glory. The south wall is almost entirely

of glass, and we see a conservatory just beyond—banana trees, great feathery ferns, handsome palms, huge masses of blossoms, purple, and white, and gorgeous rose. The place is empty, but resounds and trembles with the roar of machinery.

Six o'clock! The shift changes. Ando San seats herself at the piano, and in a few minutes the girls begin to stream in. They are in Japanese *kimono*, but, as a concession to the trend of the times, instead of reaching to the ankles, they are cut off at the knee. Most of the girls wear black stockings, somewhat the worse for cotton-lint, and wooden clogs. Their faces are rosy, and they look happy and intelligent. How thankful we are, that conditions in the factories are changing! Only a few years ago, it was common talk that factory life was hideous. There were twelve-hour shifts. Young children worked all night long. The bedding never grew cold, for as soon as one girl rose, another crawled in to take her place. The usefulness of a girl was supposed to last little more than a year. She was then expected to succumb to consumption. Horrible tales were told about the men who went out into the country to secure girl workers, buying them from their parents, telling the poor little things that they were going to a life of luxury, and then physically abusing them when they rebelled at the ugly reality. Moral conditions in some places were awful. At one factory Miss Atkinson was welcomed and asked to teach the girls decent

songs, as the ones they sang at their work were filthy.

There are places, still, of the "baser sort," I fear, but there has been improvement everywhere. Christian social workers have taken the lead in urging laws regulating factory labour. The work of the missionary women and their helpers has shown the owners what ought to be done. And factory men who have gone abroad have come back telling of conditions in Christian lands, and how, after all, it *pays* to be humane.

A big song-sheet is pinned over the blackboard. "Teacher" takes her baton, Ando San plays a spirited bar or two, and we sing with a will:

*Come, every soul by sin oppressed,
There's mercy with the Lord.*

Up and down beside the big "characters" moves the teacher's pointer. The girls sing well, and with evident enjoyment. Their voices ring out clearly in the chorus:

*Only trust Him, only trust Him,
Only trust Him now;
He will save you, He will save you,
He will save you now.*

Three times we sing it—the third time from memory. Out come the thumb-tacks, and *Down at the Cross* is posted up. With the swing of

Glory to His Name in our ears, the teacher hangs up two big coloured Sunday school pictures, and tells the girls something of what the Cross means. She shows them Judas and tells them of his contemptible crime—one that Japanese, of all people, despise and condemn the most: betrayal of his Master. Graphically she portrays the events of that dreadful night in Jerusalem, and the fateful day that followed. Then she tells them of the meaning of it all to the world, and how they, themselves, may be saved because of the Sacrifice of Calvary.

Through the great east windows we catch a glimpse of the moon coming up over the black mountain—big, round, blood-red. But the attention of the mill-girls never wavers. We think of what their lives would have been only a few years ago—all of them married at this age, probably, and bringing into the world sore-eyed, ailing children. A whole family of several generations would be huddled together in one small room; crime, disease, want, and no possible escape from it all. We are well aware that, even now, the lives of these girls are not ideal; but their surroundings, here, are spacious, clean, and self-respecting. The money they earn means an assurance of plenty of food and clothing for themselves and others. They are not forced into loathsome marriages, nor do they become mothers while yet so young, giving birth to children having no more chance in life than

they themselves had had. Our heart's desire is that with chairs, and stockings, and big windows, and pianos and steam radiators, they might be brought to know the "peace which passeth understanding"; that, instead of worshiping foxes, and stone images, and the spirits of their ancestors, they might come to know the One who is an ever living and present Saviour.

We rise and sing again, and the teacher brings out her bundle of tracts. Good-byes are exchanged with bows and smiles. There is a clattering of wooden shoes on the concrete floor as the company passes out into the lovely spring evening. Home to the little straw-covered huts for the girls, while we walk in the moonlight to the other, and more prosperous, side of town, with its bright lights, paved streets flooded with radio music, motor-cars hurrying here and there, and tiny landscape gardens exhibited on exquisite, red-lacquer tables in plateglass show-windows.

Ando

Ahn-doh

XVI

DINING AT THE GREAT CIRCLE DEPARTMENT STORE

LAST week I was at the Great Circle Department Store in Kobe. It is a seven-story sky-scraper—not bad for an earthquake country—with show-windows, floorwalkers, beauty parlours, roofgarden, and what all! As I think of it, my mind goes back to the first time I went shopping alone in Japan. I wished to buy a necktie for my husband on his birthday, and before starting out, I painfully consulted my trusty dictionary. It was near the end of the year, and the country people were in town for the annual sales. By the time I reached the shopping district, there was a comet-tail of rustics in my wake, and when I stopped, it casually stopped with me, for all the world as though each individual had intended lingering there.

The whole front of the eighteen-foot-wide store was open. A huge English sign proclaimed the place as being in the ownership of J. MINO FOREIGN GROCER, although the place was a drygoods shop. There was a mat-covered platform on which the proprietor and his clerks sat on their heels beside



A MODERN OFFICE BUILDING ON THE BUND IN KOBE

their stock, which was concealed from general view on shelves. Three of the more important gentlemen were smoking on comfortable cushions beside a great brass fire-box filled with white ashes. The younger clerks had found humbler places, and the small fry stood back in the cold, ready to "hop it" the instant there was anything to do. In front of the big platform ran a narrow strip of bare ground, and to the left was a passageway to the owner's apartments in the rear. All this dirt-floor space was abundantly full of human beings intent upon getting the inwardness of the transaction about to take place between the "foreign grocer" and the foreign woman.

I take off my muffler and bow awkwardly. The whole force bows itself to the ground. The Big Three suck in their breath and bow again. I also bow. We exchange greetings. We bow again. One of the Small Fry hands a cushion to the proprietor, who spreads it for me on the platform's edge. I sit, with my feet on the dirt-floor. We bow. I grit my teeth and make the plunge: "*Eri-maki wa gozaimasu ka?*" (Have you neckties?) Master and assistants incline their heads to one side, and murmur "*Saa!*" in a perplexed way. There is a stir of interest among the ranks of the beholders. Some one steps backward, and brings his heavy clog down upon a dog's paw, and there is a startled yap. One of the little boys springs to the shelves, and triumphantly fetches a

box of handkerchiefs. I shake my head and try again. "*Eri-maki wo kudasai.*"

This time there is a sibilant burst of apology. The handkerchief boy subsides, and a colleague pulls down a box of coarse black socks. Great concern is evinced when this offering, too, is refused. One of the Higher-Ups rises from his cushion and attempts to relieve the situation. In the meantime the crowd of country-people, little boys, schoolgirls, old women, granddaddys with babies on their backs, and coolies, has overflowed into the street, and is blocking traffic. A policeman in cape, red-striped trousers, sword, and white gloves, clears them away until he has passed the corner. My face is red as I try again. "*E-ri-ma-ki.*" The result is an offering of fleece-lined undershirts. The observers and their friends come back, as intent, quiet, non-committal as ever.

I raise my perspiring brow to the heavens, and lo, strung along the wall, almost behind a white cotton curtain, is a whole row of *neckties*! I gasp, and point in its direction. Half a dozen youngsters dash for them. I make my selection, pay my bill, and then ask meekly, "What do you call these in Japanese?" The proprietor beams, and answers, "Necktie!"

At the Great Circle Department Store, I was bowed through the plateglass doors by an amazing twelve-year-old individual in blue uniform, brass buttons and quaint round cap, who shouted "Hon-

ourably Enter! ” to the in-comers, and “ Honourably Grateful! ” to the out-goers, at the very top of his young, yet brassy lungs. Counters were piled high with the identical lines carried in all such places, the world over. The elevator girls were in khaki-coloured knee-length dresses, tightly belted at the natural waist-line, plenty of brass buttons for themselves, and heart-shaped daubs of rouge on their lips. They shouted to the bewildered mob, which was uncertain how to attack the fascinating cages, “ Kindly be careful! It’s dangerous! We’re going to move! ” A rope was tied across the entrance to one of the elevators, and there was a placard in English, “ REPAIRING,” a word known to ten out of a hundred perhaps.

There were hundreds of people seated at the little tables in the huge dining-room. Great festoons of artificial wisteria hung from the ceiling. Little waitresses, in short blue uniforms and voluminous white aprons, flew about with incredible speed. I found a place at last at a table with a young mother and her little three-year-old son. They had ordered a Japanese luncheon, and it had been served on the usual black lacquered tray, contrasting oddly with the white tablecloth and the cruets of vinegar and mustard. There were fish and greens floating in clear soup; big soy beans, about half-cooked; spinach covered with grated fish-flakes; a big bowl of rice and tea. The little fellow next me, with his big black eyes and blue

sailor suit, knew how to handle his chopsticks manfully.

The maid brings me a cup of bouillon, dusted with chopped parsley, and smoking hot. Here comes some one else to our table,—a young man with prominent gold teeth in a mouth he cannot shut, a blue serge suit, and a brown Fedora, which he does not remove. He orders a foreign meal, and briskly cuts up his fried fish, bread, and other solids into small pieces. Then he calls to the waitress, "Here you!" and when she comes, "Bring me chop-sticks!" The mustard is quite across the table from him, but he makes a long arm and captures it. I hastily hand him the other condiments, and he turns brick-red as he bows his acknowledgments.

At a near-by table is a newly-married couple. She is in a marvellous *kimono* of bright blue, with gold brocade *obi*, and red hair-ornaments. His clothes are the latest cut from London. She does not lift her eyes from her plate, but giggles every time her husband speaks. This is not often. The whole room is bustling with speed, but with scarcely a hum of conversation. It is not considered good form in Japan, to talk while eating. One hears distinctly the warning voices of the elevator girls as they discharge their passengers, and the continual ring of the cash register. The whole effect is odd; the surroundings are so entirely those of an alien civilization, and the people so utterly

Japanese. From the little palm-crowded portico adjoining the restaurant there is a glorious view of city and mountains and harbour, alive with shipping from a hundred ports. Below, the street-cars rush by in a service as good as is to be found anywhere. Out on the Bund there are great warehouses and office buildings, and the hillsides are studded with palatial stone edifices. Imagination staggers when it tries to picture the construction of this huge city on its steep slopes, in terms of human toil. Within the memory of living men, Kobe was a fishing village. And the present represents only the beginning, for the countryside is pouring tens of thousands into the city every year.

I stand at the threshold after Buttons has bowed me out, and glance at two couples who happen to be passing. The first are a "modern boy" and a "modern girl," as the Japanese say, lately shortening it to *mobo* and *moga*. His gleaming black head is bare, and he wears a jazz sweater, baggy trousers, golf hose and sport shoes, and carries a tennis-racket. The girl's face is liberally made up. She wears knee-length skirts and flesh-coloured silk stockings. They are walking close together, and she is gazing sweetly up into his eyes. Behind them come a young man and his wife typical of the older school. He is in a mantle, with divided silk skirt, uncompromising felt hat, and cane. She wears a sober *kimono* and jogs along a few steps

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behind, contentedly carrying a large bandanna-wrapped bundle. Not a word is exchanged between them.

There they go—the two extremes in Japanese life. And back in the store the elevator girls are still shouting, “*Kindly be careful! It's dangerous! We're going to move!*”

Mino

Eri-maki wa

gozaimasu ka

kudasai

mobo

moga

Me-no

Ay-ree-mah-kee wah

go-zai-mahs kah

koo-dah-sai

moh-boh

moh-gah

XVII

MIYAI SAN'S DAY OF THANKS

IT is forty years since Miyai San was baptized, and all his friends, from far and near, have been invited to celebrate with him at our pretty new church in Tsukiji. The Flag of the Cross and the Flag of the Rising Sun float over the gateposts. The yard is gay with red and yellow and white chrysanthemums. Kido San sits at a table beside the entrance, keeping an autograph record of the visitors. We enter the vestibule, pull khaki covers over our shoes, and proceed to one of the few seats left. Miyai San, in his cherished broadcloth, sits in the pulpit. Over by the window is Chujo San in ceremonial native costume, with a white cross printed on sleeves and neck, where the family crest is supposed to be. Near him is Kin San, our Korean, who has been in the hospital for months. He is in a wadded negligée, his face aglow because he is able to be with us. Here, is a man who found the Light while in prison, and there, another ex-prisoner, who was sent home to die, but is marvellously recovering, and comes in from a distant village to the church services. Up in front is a boy who lost his hearing from a fall out of a tree, and whose powers of speech are fast

failing him. This boy has plastered the walls of his home with the tracts Miss Atkinson has given him. The seats in front of us are filled with ladies from the other side of the city, garbed in beautiful purple *haori* coats and shimmering silk *kimono*. Beyond them, we glimpse coarse blue cotton and bare legs.

The service begins at ten o'clock with song and prayer. Then Miyai San tells us the story of his life. There were no Christians in Takamatsu at the time of his birth—it was a crime even to whisper the name of Jesus. All over Japan the Ceremony of the Trampling of the Cross was still being carried on. A stone's throw from the church in which we are sitting, is the building in which the poor exiles from Kyushu were imprisoned for their faith, in 1873. Miyai San first heard of the Gospel when ill at a hospital, as a boy of thirteen. Later his mother became so greatly interested in the change that Christianity had made in a termagant of a neighbour that she allowed the boy to attend the little street chapel, where he was baptized at the age of seventeen.

Miyai San tells many interesting stories of his life; of experiences when working for the Government, and of how the head of his department made a standing offer of twenty yen reward, to anyone who could induce Miyai San to drink; of his leaving the office to undertake relief work during the terrible Sendai famine twenty years ago; of how

he brought more than a thousand "dirty, mangy, lousy, starving children" to the Christian Orphanage at Okayama. Later, he became the first head of the Government Leper Hospital, appointed through the influence of the same official who had desired to make a drinker of him. But the bigoted, ignorant lepers hated him because of his religion, and attacked his home, armed with knives. According to Oriental ideas, this meant, of course, that he must resign. It was then that he became a Christian evangelist. Some time afterward, the man who had led the attack on his home, died a Christian, brought to accept a religion which taught its followers to forgive, as Miyai San had forgiven *him*.

We, who have known Miyai San for so long, can remember other incidents. There was, for example, his long struggle with poverty. He worked for his six motherless children; and always had room for any derelict who called upon him—discharged prisoners, idiots, drunkards. He even allowed leper pilgrims to park their carts in his back yard, and fed them from his own scant table. We recall the old woman who was a *protégée* of his, who told of how he would pray all night for food with which to feed his starvelings. We remember, too, how, after his connection with us had begun, he handed us a budget for his own expenses for a year, containing the item, "fifteen cents for toys"! But we must abandon our reveries, for

the long sermon is coming to a close, with "*God so loved the world,*" and "*This one thing I do.*"

Prayer, speeches of congratulation, and then dinner. It is spread out on long tables in the yard—two pretty wooden boxes, chop-sticks and toothpicks in a sealed wrapper, a persimmon, a banana, and a tea-cake. The first box contains "red-rice"—rice and beans cooked together without salt,—and in the second are "*o sushi*," a concoction of rice and seaweed, and eels, and other good things; a sort of souse made of fish; what looks like burdock cooked in soy, and something I can neither name nor describe satisfactorily, but which is delicious. It looks a little like hair.

Luncheon over, we settle down to the serious business of the day. The Tsukiji Sunday school children file in to take part. Boys enveloped in huge cotton *haori*, from the depths of which bright-eyed babies peep; little girls resplendent in purple *kimono*, pink *obi*, and red hair-ribbons; kindergarten children from across town in darling little suits and dresses, looking quite as though they had been made in America; the Hama-no-Cho Sunday school, each child carrying a huge green notebook in which his songs are written; the Kawara Machi Sunday school, which is being taught by an ex-prisoner, and is composed chiefly of "frying-sized" boys.

The program begins at one o'clock, and runs until nearly five. There are twenty-six numbers.

Boys and girls pray, speak words of greeting, read congratulatory addresses, with their heads hidden behind the papers which they unroll as they proceed, and finish, invariably, with the date and their own names. The various Sunday schools sing lustily and with a fine independence of the organ. The kindergarten renders *Jesus Loves Me* in English, and does the Shoemaker dance. A young man from high school bows stiffly, plants his legs well apart, opens his hymn-book with dignity, announces the number, and, holding his instrument with the right hand, and his notes with the left, favours us with a solo on the mouth-organ. A second ex-prisoner, still so far from strong that his hands tremble pitifully with nervous excitement, mounts the platform with a heavy sheaf of letters of congratulation. He lays them carefully on the floor, and picks them up, one by one, and reads. Some are from friends in Tokyo and other places, but most are from the lepers in Oshima, who are thinking of their pastor on his day of rejoicing. They are plentifully sown with quotations from the Bible, and some end with "Amen." One speaks of a one-yen note he is enclosing—"fifty sen to be spent to-day, and fifty sen for Christmas." There is a poem by Nagata San.

The clock shows it to be half-past four. Outside, the wind has risen, and darkness threatens. American spirits begin to sag slightly, but Japanese faces are radiant. What a change has been

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wrought in the lifetime of this one man! Here, the children and grandchildren of men who furtively peeped at the exiled prisoners of fifty-five years ago in this same city block, are rejoicing in the Name their fathers reviled and feared.

We pass out into the Tsukiji roadway with the words of one of Miyai San's congratulatory poems ringing in our ears:

*The bush; the sea; the wilderness, behind;
The gushing rock; the manna from God's hand;
Death and the desert; constant cloud and fire,
And the long wandering toward the Promised Land!*

*God's nearness on the sunset way before;
The rending skies; the "Come, ye blessed," heard;
The sick, the naked, prisoners, there to find,
Who, only through your leading, loved their Lord!*

<i>Tsukiji</i>	Tsoo-kee-jee
<i>Miyai</i>	Me-yai
<i>Kin</i>	Kin
<i>haori</i>	hah-oh-ree
<i>kimono</i>	kee-moh-noh
<i>obi</i>	oh-be
<i>Tokyo</i>	Toh-kyoh
<i>Oshima</i>	Oh-she-ma
<i>koto</i>	koh-toh
<i>Sendai</i>	Sen-dai
<i>Takamatsu</i>	Tah-kah-mah-tsoo
<i>Okayama</i>	Oh-kah-yah-ma
<i>Nagata</i>	Nah-gah-tah
<i>o sushi</i>	o soo-she
<i>Hama-no-Cho</i>	Hah-mah-no-Choh
<i>Kawara Machi</i>	Kah-wah-rah Mah-chee

XVIII

CHERRY-BLOSSOMS

THE trains that pass our house every half-hour are crowded with people to the very platforms. Boats are taking on as many passengers as the law allows, and leaving scores on shore. Street-cars are running trailers. Jitneys, full to the running-boards, are negotiating a perilous passage on the narrow roads, each trip providing thrilling encounters with varied vehicles and foolish pedestrians. The roads and country lanes are bright with pilgrims in blue and red and white and green. And all are going flower-viewing, for the cherry-blossoms are at their best. The men of our compound are making a trip to Sanbon-Matsu for a meeting, so we are fortunate enough to go as far as the cherry-flowers with them in the "Gospel Chariot," to return on the street-car.

The fields are a broad expanse of brilliant emerald, with here and there a blaze of yellow mustard-flowers. Along the way are Japanese magnolia trees, bowers of wax-like blooms without leaves; camellia trees, large as oaks, bowed down with blood-red blossoms; little white-washed mud houses, thatched with straw; hills, hazy pink with blooming peach-trees, or white with the drifted

snow of the pears. The mountains on the far horizon are amethyst, and the sea to our left, a vivid blue.

We pick our way carefully, avoiding dogs, babies, and grinning old women with blackened teeth, pilgrim hats, and *kimono* tucked up to show their white cloth leggings. Occasionally, we meet another car, and have to navigate skilfully to find room to pass. Always there are our pet cow-carts to contend with, and, sometimes, a skittish horse. After an hour we turn into a narrow lane, and creep along through the crowds to a place where we can park.

A few hundred feet up a winding path, we turn and look down upon the blossoms and the blue lake which mirrors them. They stretch out in a long avenue with the water on either side of them, like a softer, perfumed vista of bare trees decked with icicles. At one end, old, gray stone steps lead upward to a weather-beaten temple. A pilgrim in blue head-cloth, white *kimono*, red petticoat, and green leggings, toils up, leaning on her long, heavy staff. She claps her hands, bows her head, and, standing outside the door, mumbles a prayer loudly and rapidly.

Then she turns again to face the pink foam above the blue water far below, and to see the little pleasure-boats, the blue and white awnings on the pavilions built out over the water, *and the crowds of drunken revelers beneath the trees!* All

along the way, on either side, there are picnic parties sitting on strips of matting, eating and drinking and playing the *samisen*. The fumes of *sake* are pungent as the vivid colours of lake and trees. A goodly proportion of the crowd is staggering drunk. A too-joyful country bumpkin spies one of our party, and is inspired to have him drink with him. Reaching up, he places his arm affectionately around the big man's neck, and struggles to draw him to the matting for "just one cup." He almost has him down, once, but, finally, the missionary pulls away, bowing a smiling farewell to his tipsy admirer.

The little children of our party are giving out tracts to the crowd. At the end of the road they are spied by two drunken *geisha*, laughing, staggering, and singing. The women, making their boisterous way along, cry, "Gimme one!" in loud tones. They pass on, bawling to others to "ask the foreign children for ads." We try to get out of their sight, and pass through the crowds to the road again, on our way home. Just to the right of the stone steps leading to the temple, a shop is doing a big business in *sake*, soft drinks, fruit and matting. We reach our car again, and "gee-haw" frantically to pass a bulging jitney, driven by a bare-headed girl wearing American clothes and brown woolen gloves.

We are left at the Suburban station, and when the tramcar comes we pile in, feeling grateful that

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there is no difficulty in getting a seat. But we have "reckoned without our host." Here comes a crowd at top speed, some running very precariously. They swarm into the car, filling every corner. We look up, to discover one of the drunken *geisha* who had demanded the tracts all but standing on our feet. Her face is flushed; she is moaning and complaining, and is holding a wet handkerchief to her forehead. Her friends are assuring her that she has drunk too much.

The car lurches, and we are on our way. Fumes of *sake*, tobacco smoke, body odours, a most uneven roadway, and—results inevitable! We hear a gasp, and look up to find our *geisha* deadly pale, and about to fall across our knees. Nothing to do, of course, but to let her sit down, and to take her place at the strap. She turns a dull crimson at our kindness, and lays her maudlin head on the other missionary's shoulder. Her friends express their astonishment and appreciation, and look out that we get the next vacant seat available. There are six of them, the oldest, a fairly respectable-looking woman, having with her a small boy dressed in a "foreign suit," so like the children in our kindergarten. We shudder, as the little fellow lays his head against the drunken woman's breast.

Sanbon-Matsu
sake
geisha

Sahm-bohn-Mah-tsoo
sah-kay
gay-sha

XIX

THE POETRY CLUB OF OSHIMA

OSHIMA is a little island in the Inland Sea. Seventeen years ago, eight of the provinces of Japan decided to take the most destitute of their leper-beggars off the streets and roads, and to open a hospital for lepers. So they sent out the police to round them up. Many were making their weary way around the Eighty-Eight Shrines of Shikoku, crawling up the mountainsides, literally on hands and knees. Many were living in little carts, like American toy express wagons. On these the lepers put a corrugated tin roof, place inside a dirty quilt and a cooking-pot, and then turn the wheels with their own poor, rotting hands. Once in a while, we see a pitiful little dog straining to help pull, every rib in its mangy body more than visible. I have seen one leper who traveled in this way a distance as great as from Maine to Florida!

No one knows how many lepers there are in Japan, but I have heard it estimated that there are thirty thousand in the eight provinces which established Oshima Hospital. Of that vast number, only three hundred were provided for. The first superintendent was a Christian, and the

zealous Buddhist patients armed themselves with knives, and drove him away, because they would have none of his doctrines. Later, Miyai San became a Christian evangelist, and, with a missionary, began to make regular visits to the Island. One day, he was talking to a man in the bedridden ward. A blind, loathsome wreck on the next cot recognized his voice, and was moved to penitence. He was the very man who had led the gang in the attack on the Superintendent's house, and now that same Superintendent, deprived of his good position, and on the meagre salary of a Christian evangelist, had come back to risk his life in teaching the lepers the way to God. It broke the heart of the poor, hopeless wretch. He became an earnest inquirer, and was called hence, at the very hour set for his baptism.

Gradually the Christian message began to win its way. In the hall set aside as a meeting-place, a little company gathered, and, under the Shinto god-shelves, placed their little folding-organ, sang their hymns, prayed and preached and studied their Bibles. An increasing number became interested in the religion which taught that leprosy, "the heavenly curse," was not the result of the sin of either "this man or his parents." They welcomed the news of instant release from suffering and an entrance into the presence of a loving Father as soon as the woes of this life are over, rather than a cycle of lives with ever-recurrent

incarnations as loathsome as the one they now endure. Christmas, with its brave little tree, its gifts of cake and oranges to all the patients, and toys for the poor little children, and its five hours of patiently prepared and elaborate "purogram," brought more and ever more enquirers, until now nearly a third of the lepers are considered a part of the Christian community.

Every day there are Bible classes led by Nagata San and Miyake San. One of the boys has learned to play the organ, and these hoarse, ruined voices join gladly in the hymns. Every Christian is happy to lead in prayer. One of the greatest excitements in these poor lives is the publication of their Christian Monthly. In preparation for it, the Poetry Club puts forth its efforts. A tent has been erected in a warm corner, and here the Christians meet to read each other the songs which pour from their hearts. A row of campstools, on each of which a pathetic-looking cushion is carefully fastened, strips of coarse matting on the ground; a large charcoal fire-box in the centre, such is the meeting place.

Here, they gather: Miyoshi San, who is blind; Nagata San, on peg-legs covered with tin; Miyauchi San, whose mouth is twisted almost to her ear; Togo San, who breathes through a tube in his throat; Fujita San, whose face is a purple, swollen mass; Hayashi San, whose only mark is one small sore! A few feet away, stretch the golden crescent

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of the beach and the blue waves of the sea. Shining islets, topped with lone pines, gleam, here and there, above the water. In spring the mountain-side is one huge mass of azaleas, in autumn splendid with red and gold. Close at hand, the great American liners pass on their way to China, and above, the noisy planes of the Osaka-Shikoku air-mail come and go. All the glory of their surroundings is woven into their verses, together with their sadness and their joy. And, through all, and over all, is the striving for expression of their happiness in the discovery of Jesus and the Cross.

I have tried to express in English the thoughts contained in some of these little poems. They were written by Utsunomiya San, Fujita San, and Miyoshi San.

A PETITION

*Oh, make me still, so still,
When I am deep in prayer
That I might hear the white mist-wreaths
Losing themselves in air!*

MY PURPOSE IN LIFE

*Until the day of death
I'll pray,
"Thy Kingdom come on earth!"*

THOUGHTS OF THE SPIRIT

I

*Oh, may my restless child-heart
Learn to love Thy will!*

II

*Oh, precious Love,
Of my redemption part,
Ever the more enfolding with its warmth
The ice-cold weariness of my poor heart!*

DESPAIR

*I waited long the answer to my prayer,
My spirit and my heart cried out to Thee,
Until from bitterness of hope deferred
I wailed my anguish to the hills and sea!*

THE END OF THE YEAR

*The lovely light of stars
Shines quietly,
Where sleep the flowers
Peacefully,
Before the New Year's dawn.*

*I leave the past
Determinedly,
To face the future
Manfully,
And bear my hard Cross on!*

VOICES OF WINTER

*Faint voices murmuring
Echo in my heart,
Lonely melodies,
Of the sky a part;—
Far-off wild geese honking,
"You are old . . old . . old . . ."
Baby birds before the storm,
Lost and cold.*

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*As I sit sightless,
 Silent, apart,
 All voices whispering
 Echo in my heart.*

<i>Oshima</i>	Oh-she-mah
<i>Shikoku</i>	She-koh-koo
<i>Miyai</i>	Me-yai
<i>Nagata</i>	Nah-gah-tah
<i>Miyoshi</i>	Me-yoh-she
<i>Miyauchi</i>	Me-yah-oo-chee
<i>Togo</i>	Toh-go
<i>Fujita</i>	Foo-jee-tah
<i>Hayashi</i>	Hah-yah-she
<i>Utsunomiya</i>	Oo-tsoo-no-me-yah

XX

WE VISIT THE LEPERS AT KUSATSU

FIVE hundred miles from Takamatsu, and four thousand feet up in the mountains of Gumma Province, is Kusatsu, a tiny village known all over the Empire of Japan. For hundreds of years lepers have dragged their wasting bodies to bathe in the waters of the hot springs there. Until recent years, the end of winter saw a stream of desolate pilgrims, closely wrapped to hide their hideous deformities, making their way over the thirty miles of cruel mountain trail, to stay until the fall snows drove them away again. It was thought impossible for them to brave the intense cold of winter.

Gradually, however, better houses have been built, and now there are several hundreds of lepers living there the year round. On the crest of the hill live the "well people"—those not suffering from leprosy—and below, is the leper village, where in every house there is at least one who is "unclean." It is a little world in itself. The leper carpenter buys his supplies from a leper grocer; the grocer gets his clothing from a dry-goods merchant, also a leper, and so, right through the community.

We come to Kusatsu, this drizzly gray day in September, in a motor car, driven over a road completed last year by the lepers themselves. Clouds of steam, and a stench which can be tasted, rise from the hot, blue water of the first great spring. Everything the stream touches, is covered with a heavy deposit of pure sulphur. Across the way, are two large hotels. One of them is, for all the world, like the old hotel near the railroad station at Monteagle, Tennessee.

The town sprawls below us in crazy patchwork. Streets, alleys and footpaths bend, twist and double on each other, and stagger dizzily down the bluff. Everywhere there are bath-houses, little shacks, inns, and half-fed dogs, draggled, long-legged chickens, patches of flaming dahlias. Everywhere there are lepers—beside our car, sitting in the wide-open houses, helping to put up new buildings, pushing carts, running sewing-machines, going about their business, or loafing gloriously. Heads bald, eyebrows gone, faces swollen, smitten with blindness and disfigured with thick black eruptions, they look much alike. Here and there we see some whose hands or feet are gone, whose noses are nothing but a gaping hole.

Our car picks its way gingerly down the precipice. Through open trap-doors in the streets, clouds of steam rise from the underground river beneath. Bath-house doors and windows stand open in superb nonchalance. On another steep hill



A GOVERNMENT HOSPITAL FOR LEPEERS ON AN ISLAND IN THE INLAND SEA



we see a large wooden cross, and know that, at last, we have puzzled out the way to Miss Cornwall-Leigh's Home for Lepers, and St. Barnabas' Church.

The building is long and narrow, half torn down by day, like all Japanese houses. One end has been fitted up as a dispensary, and we see a doctor busy with several patients there. The middle rooms are offices, the other end, the church, where thirty or forty worshipers are kneeling. A young man, but slightly diseased, comes to give us greeting, and kindly sets chairs and cushions for us around a table. But we cannot enter, despite the shadow which comes across his face when we refuse. We plead the inconvenience of removing our shoes, but he *knows!*

Ah, here is Miss Cornwall-Leigh. Tall, sweet, and gentle, with brown eyes which have seen such suffering that the shadow of it lingers in them, this saintly English lady of seventy comes straight from the midst of the kneeling lepers, and, as the service ends, introduces her flock, telling them that we know their fellow-sufferers at Oshima. Then she takes us through the building. Here is the doctor in white *kimono* and with a long black beard. Here are bottles and supplies for the little hospital. Here, too, is the chaplain in solemn black and a clerical collar. And here is the spotless, white-matted chapel, empty of all but the furniture of the chancel and a few beautiful pictures.

Three times, each day, the Christian lepers gather in it, to worship God.

We climb higher up the hill to Miss Cornwall-Leigh's own home, passing her kindergarten, where a dozen little tots, some well, some lepers, are taught by a woman, whose face tells her sad story all too plainly. The reply our inquiry about this elicits is: "No one else in Kusatsu makes any distinction. Why should I?" It is believed that the disinfectant qualities of the air are such, that the disease is not contracted in this village. But we look at the poor little children, and wonder!

Tea is served in the plain Japanese home, with its sweet, simple furnishings, while we ask questions. Miss Cornwall-Leigh has been in Kusatsu for eleven years. She began the work as a personal venture, and built the first houses of the plant with her own money. Now, she is a member of the American Episcopal Mission, and is assisted by the American Mission to Lepers. There are seven homes under her care. Untainted children, married couples, men, and women have their separate quarters, and each is in charge of its own housemaster, or housemistress. There are over three hundred communicants in the little church, all of whom have been under long instruction, and whose faith is clear. The minister is a man from the "well village," who has devoted his life to the sufferers at his own door.

Miss Cornwall-Leigh has only a charcoal fire-

box in winter. "For," said she, "if my own house were well heated, I could not go into theirs, nor into the church." She allows the lepers to come into her home, and even to eat with her. "I have found that, in order to succeed here, I must mingle with the people," remarked the gracious lady. *"It would be worth while to become a leper if it enabled one to do the work in this way!"*

We visit the Home for Untainted Children, passing on the way the little hut in which Miss Cornwall-Leigh lives in winter, when the snow is too deep for her to reach home. We are taken to the other homes scattered about the village, in such a way as to make it most difficult for the brave woman to get about from one to another. Always she has had to take what she could get, and buy where she could buy. The result is an appalling inconvenience. But the idea of it seems never to have entered her mind. She is too happy in the fact that she has these buildings, at *all*, and too much occupied upon the problem of maintaining them.

Up and down the hill we go, slipping about in the slush, and trying to picture what it must be like in January. Here in the married couples' home is a cunning baby playing on gay quilts. In the home for boys they are cutting up vegetables for making pickle. In the women's home they are crowded about the organ. Here is a new cottage, built by a friend in North Carolina for less than

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the price of a cheap car. Ten dollars a month cares for one of these destitute creatures, allowing for fifty cents pocket-money!

Wherever we go among the afflicted Christians, we note their faces as being different from those of other lepers on the streets. In spite of the marks made by the disease, there is a light in their eyes, accompanied by a smile of fellowship when told who we are, which makes *all the difference!* Our hearts are full as we start away, leaving Miss Cornwall-Leigh among her friends. Long months may elapse before she breaks speech again, with one who speaks the language of her native land!

Kusatsu
Oshima

Koo-sah-tsoo
Oh-she-mah

XXI

MIYOSHI'S FUNERAL

MIYOSHI SAN is dead. The waves were so high that our little motor launch had hard work to get us across to his funeral, to-day. Our friends had waded through the sand to meet us, and were huddled together shivering beside the barbed-wire fence. They were very sad, as though a shining light had suddenly grown dim. The wind almost swept us off our feet as we were taking off our shoes at the hall, and heavy slippers and two pairs of woolen hose could not dull the chill of those carbolic-soaked floors.

Kondo San had done his best in the matter of decorations. The table on "their side" of the dividing rail was covered with black calico. There was a miscellaneous collection of flowers in the big vase, and an irregular cross and crown of red, yellow, purple and pink chrysanthemums and red *nanten* berries. The strips of white paper and the straw ropes and oranges around the Shinto god-shelf had not been disturbed. The white cotton curtain in front of the Buddha fluttered in the high wind, giving glimpses of his red reclining figure, and of great golden lotus blooms. Hayashi's little

folding-organ was under the god-shelf, and beyond it the floor of the big, bare building was covered with short strips of coarse matting, the one concession to the cold. Through glass walls to the north, we could see the dark green of gnarled pine-trees, bright-gold sand, and racing whitecaps on jade water. Doctors' and nurses' uniforms flapped on swaying clothes-lines, between us and the beach.

The congregation gathered immediately. Each person came in carrying hymn-book, Bible and a thin calico-covered floor-cushion. At the door they left their clogs, crutches, and tin legs. Many had to crawl to their places. Some were blind, and had to be led. Togo was wrapped up in a quilt and brought on Hayashi's back. Two of the women had little bright-eyed children tucked into the backs of their wadded cotton coats. Seven-year-old Chrysanthemum, whose hair is already gone, wore her best gay-flowered *kimono*. There were purple faces, and ghastly white ones; hands without fingers, arms without hands; feet and legs gone; heads almost hidden by white bandages.

But Miyoshi was not there. I could close my eyes and picture him as I saw him last—one of the most pathetic of the lepers, swollen, distorted, blind, yet with a light on his face I shall remember until I, too, am called. The first question from every newcomer to the Island has always been: "Who is that blind man? What a wonderful expression!" He knew his hymns by heart, and

could repeat chapter after chapter of Holy Scripture without faltering.

He had been cremated, and Miyake San brought his ashes in a little bamboo receptacle, tied in black cloth, and placed it upon the table. We sang *I Would Not Live Always*, Hayashi San leading us on the folding-organ. Out of tune and discordant as the poor, hoarse voices were, they were raised in worship. Above the "music" was the rattle of the breathing-tube in Togo San's throat. Miyai San, wearing his worn Prince Albert and flapping carpet-slippers, preached the funeral sermon.

His text was, "Whom the Lord loveth He chasteneth." We could almost see the ambitious boy he pictured, a freshman at college, suddenly stricken with the curse of leprosy, no one could tell how! The shock, the despair, the knowledge of the danger his presence meant to his family, the determination to cut himself off from them, the horrors of life among the outcasts, wandering from temple to temple, climbing endless steps of stone, sleeping by the roadside, or under houses, shunned, driven away, tormented with hunger, with the realization that his body was slowly rotting, and that he was going blind—all this he bore for several years. Finally, the police sent him to the new hospital on an island in the Inland Sea, called Oshima.

Here, he heard, for the first time, of One whose

joy it was to cleanse the lepers long ago. At the little Christian meetings he learned of such gracious words as "God is Love," and "Come unto Me, all ye that are heavy-laden," and he came. "We all know how he worked for the church, how joyfully he bore his cross," said Miyai San, "and how the light of heaven lingered on his poor, scarred face. . . . In his last illness he was patient; there was no complaint. . . . His faith was wonderful. . . . Until the moment of his death he used all his strength for God. . . . The flesh weeps for him, but the spirit rejoices."

Following the sermon prayer was offered by many of Miyoshi's comrades. We sang *Asleep in Jesus*, and *We Shall Reach the Summer Land*. The chairs on "our side" of the railing had filled up with "well people" who had come to listen—one of the internes, several officials, a carpenter, a servant, and four nurses. One of them was little Flower, with red cheeks and flashing smile, and only seventeen! Interne and nurses were in white cotton uniforms, and their feet were bare.

After the singing of the hymns there were talks by Miyoshi's friends. Several of them read verses which they had written for him. The following was by Fujita, his constant companion:

*Always I see you in God's heavenly garden,
All night I think of you, and all the days,
Remembering fondly how we two together
Rejoiced to speak to God in prayer and praise.*

And this by Sakurai, who was with him at the last:

*Like the glorious red of the sunrise,
Like the shout at the battle's end,
The opening of gates into heaven,
That was your death, O friend!*

I recalled some of Miyoshi San's own poems, which had appeared in the monthly magazine the Christian lepers publish, and which ran as follows:

MORNING

*Oh, shining morning when I kneel to pray,
My loathsome, blinded body all forgot,
The door shut,
I, together with my thoughts,
Alone amid the loveliness of dawn!*

EVENING

*Loneliness, utter loneliness!
I tire of tracing words upon the sand,—
(And yearning for the sight of sand and seas);—
At last comes twittering of homing birds,
And darkening of the sky, and calm of trees.*

I recall a New Year poem of his which ran as follows:

*Like snowflakes, or like petals of sweet flowers,
In shining showers from Heaven,
My Father's promises to my full heart
This New Year's morn are given!*

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There were testimonies, songs, prayers, and more songs. For four hours we sat in the bitter cold, the sick people on their knees on the hard floor. When we followed the little black-wrapped bundle to the burying-ground, we found the wind died down, and the sea was calm and blue again. A few hundred yards from our pitiful procession of ill-clad, blind, and broken bodies, the big white liner *Empress of Canada* was passing. We could hear the throb of her engines, and I fancied I could catch strains of dance-music and see young figures swaying to and fro. There would be shuffle-board on deck, heated swimming-pool, luxurious smoking-room, dinner to look forward to, bright lights, glittering silver, bare shoulders, gay companionship, cocktails, bridge. . . .

Miyoshi

Kondo

Hayashi

nanten

Togo

Miyake

Miyai

Fujita

Sakurai

Me-yoh-she

Kohn-doh

Hah-yah-she

nahn-ten

Toh-goh

Me-yah-kee

Me-yai

Foo-jee-tah

Sah-koo-rai

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